

THE YALE SCENE



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THE YALE SCENE

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New Haven

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

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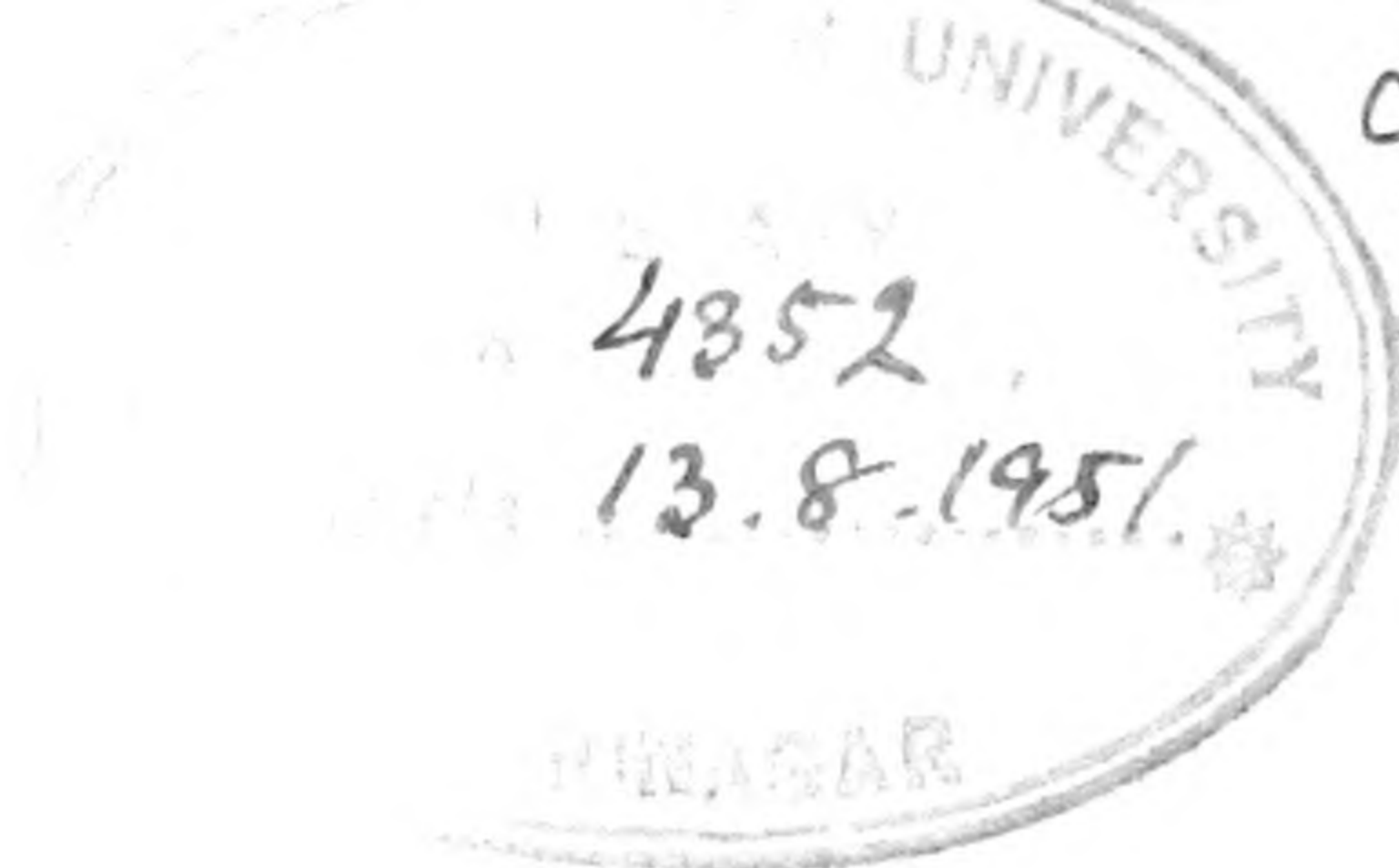
1950



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Introduction

ON AN AUTUMN DAY in the year 1701 a group of clergymen from the scattered settlements in Connecticut met at the parsonage of Samuel Russel in Branford. Tradition tells us that they had brought with them a number of books from their own scanty libraries, as earnest of their purpose, and that each of them in turn laid his upon the table as a gift "for the founding of a college in this colony." If we may believe the tale—and it has been gospel among Yale men, time out of mind—these pious gentlemen seem to have anticipated by a century and a half the insight of Thomas Carlyle, who has declared that "the true University of these days is a collection of Books." In any case, their meeting at Branford and the books they gave, whether by token or by pledge, mark the beginning of the history of Yale.

Times were ripe in the New World for enterprises of this nature. The settlements that had been planted upon this side of the Atlantic had grown to a maturity which could no longer be content with elementary schooling, and thoughtful men on both sides of the ocean were prepared to give of their wealth and energy to found institutions of higher learning in the younger lands. The great Bishop Berkeley, a few years later, followed the course of empire westward in the hope of establishing a university in the remote Bermudas, under the aegis of the English Church, and, disappointed of that hope, gave the farm he had bought in Rhode Island to the college the congregational ministers of Connecticut had founded in 1701.

Predestination had already determined the ultimate home of the infant ushered into the world in the parsonage at Branford. Fifty years earlier the Reverend John Davenport, New Haven's pious Aeneas, had dreamed of a college for the city he had founded, deeming it essential to the good health of the ecclesiastical government over which he presided that young men should be well trained for public employment in church and civil state. Not in his lifetime, however, was his dream fulfilled; and even after the collegiate school had been inaugurated by the gift of books at Branford, it was to pass through seventeen years of peril and hardship before happier days brought it at last to its predestined home.

For five of those years, beginning when the first solitary freshman entered in the spring of 1702, the affairs of the college were conducted in Killingworth at the parsonage of the first rector, Abraham Pierson, familiarly known to later generations of Yale men as Hank Statuam—a slight perversion of the opening words of a Latin inscription upon the pedestal of the rector's statue, which now stands beside Dwight Hall on the Old Campus. After Pierson's death in 1707 there were more years of precarious existence upon the bleak headland of Saybrook Point, where the Connecticut empties into Long Island Sound; and it was only after much tribulation and the secession of half the student body—including that precocious young metaphysician, Jonathan Edwards of the Class of 1720—that the collegiate school came to its permanent home in New Haven.

Harvard men had a generous hand in all this, as is well remembered both in

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Cambridge and in New Haven. They say that Yale was founded because Harvard, setting her face toward liberalism from the start, so alarmed some of her more conservative sons by her early heresies that they found it wise to foster a rival that might be held safe in the paths of orthodoxy. However this may be, what is certain is that Yale was nourished through its first uneasy years by Harvard men.

It was Cotton Mather and Jeremiah Dummer, both Harvard graduates, who brought the name of Yale to their Alma Mater's infant rival. Colonial agent in London both for Connecticut and Massachusetts, Dummer had collected there a very considerable library for the collegiate school at Saybrook, securing editions of their works from such distinguished authors as Isaac Newton and Dick Steele. His solicitations were even more fruitful with a nabob from the East named Elihu Yale, a native son of New England, who had gone out to the Orient in the service of the East India Company, become governor of Fort St. George, Madras, and returned with a great fortune, to end his days in the British Isles. Cotton Mather, at Dummer's prompting, had written this promising prospect, suggesting that if he were to bestow a part of his wealth upon the youthful college in his native land, it might serve him "better than a name of sons and daughters." Between them these two loyal sons of Harvard prevailed upon the wealthy Elihu to make a very substantial gift to the college they had been nursing through its sickliest days—sufficient, indeed, to assure completion of the first building it could call its own.

With becoming gratitude the clergymen who served the collegiate school as trustees named the building Yale College. It was commodious enough to provide dormitories and commons for the student body, as well as recitation rooms and a library to house the books Dummer had collected; and since the entire institution thus came under its roof, it was inevitable that the name of Yale, bestowed first upon the building, should soon be used to designate the college itself. Long before Father Elihu was laid to rest in Wrexham churchyard in Wales, the collegiate school upon which he had bestowed the munificent sum of £562 12s. had taken his name upon itself. The years seem likely to confirm Cotton Mather's prophecy that a gift to the infant college might prove a commemoration and perpetuation of the name of Yale "which would indeed be much better than an Egyptian pyramid."

Ground was broken for Yale College on October 8, 1717, upon a plot of ground given by the Colony of New Haven at what is now the corner of College and Chapel Streets, where Bingham Hall now stands. For the better part of two centuries this corner was the heart and center of Yale life. Gradually the growing college possessed itself of more and more of the original square upon which it first planted its feet, until a row of brick buildings in the Georgian style had replaced the original wooden structure completed with the money Elihu Yale had given. A high fence of paneled boards which formerly surrounded the college property, shutting it off from such dubious neighbors as the poorhouse and the public jail, was eventually replaced by a fence of lower stature, with rounded rails well suited to youthful posteriors; and here the student body was wont to congregate, when the seasons permitted, for gossip and for song.

The Fence has been called, by others than our punsters, the seat of Yale democ-

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racy; and, to be sure, young men who perch in a row upon a fence are not disposed to concentrate their thoughts upon artificial social distinctions. Along the Fence, at any rate, with the colonial buildings of the Brick Row for a background, student life at Yale shaped itself in vigor and simplicity, forming traditions of community spirit which have persisted though the original Fence has disappeared and the undergraduates have moved into more luxurious quarters than the Row could provide.

Of the Georgian buildings in the Row only Connecticut Hall, the first to be erected, now remains. As the others that stood with it behind the Fence were demolished, the college began to withdraw a little from its intimate contact with the life of the town and to shelter its own particular life behind more substantial barriers than a rail fence affords. Following the lead of older universities that have found themselves growing in the center of a city also ripe with growth, Yale has for many years been building at the street lines, creating its own seclusion in the squares within. The Old Campus, which covers the whole block upon which the original Yale College was built in 1717, hedges the freshmen in behind the ramparts of their dormitories, and the ten modern colleges where the upperclassmen have their residence are all built around interior courts.

At what precise point the members of the Yale community ceased to speak of the Yard and began to call it the Campus, I cannot say, but the disappearance of the old, upcountry term marked a turn in the history of both the town and the college. The colonial village, through whose muddy lanes the oxcarts ploughed their way, has long since grown into a city of paved streets and clattering traffic, and the college, at the same time, has grown up into a great university, its elbows constantly thrusting out against its neighbors in the town. Today its property stretches two miles and more through the heart of the city, from the medical center in the south to the Divinity School and the observatory on Prospect Street hill, far to the north. The university dooryard now includes some ten or twelve entire blocks in the center of the town.

Not every Yale man, I fear, praises the founding fathers for selecting New Haven as the seat of his university. Weather along the Connecticut coastline hardly commends itself to young men who have lived in gentler climes. It has all the eccentricities it displays elsewhere in New England, with a few peculiar to the shores of Long Island Sound; and generations of freshmen, baptized by late September rains, have entered forthwith into the Yale man's faith that New Haven has the worst climate in the world. Thereafter, a long succession of sparkling autumn days, passing over them unheeded, does nothing to shake that faith, which takes its confirmation amid the snows and sleety drizzles of the ensuing winter.

New Haven, too, under sunshine, snow, or sleet, commonly finds as little favor as its climate in the eyes of the young men who pass their student days hemmed in by its busiest and noisiest streets. Most of them, to be sure, come from cities no more fair, but local pride, which plays a larger part in American life than we are ready to acknowledge, disposes them to view any city but their own with disfavor and feeds fat on disparaging comparisons, however irrational. A classmate of mine from Chicago kept his watch an hour slow through four academic years at Yale and never learned to forgive Battell Chapel clock for displaying eastern time.

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It must also be said that college students, the world over, seem to feel a certain annoyance at finding that they must share their little world with the local inhabitants, and New Haven, like older cities abroad, has learned that a university is not always an altogether comfortable neighbor. In spite of occasional quarrels, however, Town and Gown have contrived to live at peace with one another through more than two centuries. Yale students, one may conjecture, are disposed to take a tolerant view of people sentenced to live with the New Haven climate in perpetuity. The first few weeks of their freshman year will probably have blunted the sharp edge of their disappointment at discovering that the university does not enjoy the seclusion from the world's business to which some carefully isolated boarding school may have accustomed them. Very shortly the city and all its ways sink to the level of the subconscious, to be recalled in later days as an unimpressive backdrop against which they played out their four-year parts at Yale, their feet, so far as they can recollect, continually immersed in slush.

There is not much justice in this. New Haven is no longer the loveliest village of the plain, as it may well have been in earlier days, when its streets were lined with such fine and simple dwellings as those which now house Mory's and the Faculty, Graduate, and Elizabethan Clubs, but it has grown to the dimensions of a city without surrendering all its natural advantages. Seen from the summit of East or West Rock, it appears a very leafy city, with the college towers rising from a sea of foliage. In spite of the onslaught of pestilence, the elms which have given it a *nom d'honneur* among the cities of the land still stand magnificent upon the upper Green and along many of its streets, lifting their arms against the winter sky; and in the spring each branch and twig in their high-carried plumes casts emblazonry in intricate shadows upon all the walks and buildings above which they tower. Once on a May morning, I found myself the sole passenger on an inbound trolley car from Whitneyville, and as we approached Cliff Street the motorman shut off the power and came back to call me to his platform, to look with him down the long aisle of Whitney Avenue, fan-vaulted by the budding elms.

Of late years Yale undergraduates, as well as the city's motormen, have begun to be aware of the beauty of spring in New Haven. Disposed about the university buildings by a landscape department that has been magnificently directed, shrubs and flowers come into bloom against sunny southern walls almost as soon as the last snows withdraw; and as the winter jasmine is followed by the forsythia, and the forsythia by crocus and daffodil, and at last by magnolia, iris, dogwood, and wistaria, the courts in the colleges are in continual bloom; and even the long trek to the laboratories on the slopes of Prospect Street hill—in January held to be a journey to the icier regions of the inferno—becomes a progress of delight. Or if occasion carries the undergraduate into the stately reaches of Hillhouse Avenue on some fine spring evening, it may cross his mind that he has seen few streets, in any city, at once so gracious and so dignified.

The contribution which the architecture of Yale has made to the grace and dignity of the city has sometimes made the judicious grieve. The Georgian buildings of the Old Brick Row, to be sure, consorted well with the two fine churches on the Green. Unhappily, the years which witnessed the destruction of all but one of the

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buildings of the Row ushered in an architectural era which brought all sorts of alien styles into the towns of New England, even as the waves of immigration were peopling their streets with folk who spoke in foreign tongues. The Old Library—now Dwight Hall—which was built in the 1840's, was Yale's first attempt to domesticate the Middle Ages in the center of a New World city. In the period of growth and expansion that followed, more spectacular adaptations of foreign models began to sprout upon the soil of the Old Campus. Yale men who regret that their university must carry on in the midst of a noisy city gnash their teeth when they are told that plans to move the entire institution to Prospect Street hill, where the Divinity School now dwells in the seclusion of its beautiful quadrangle, were abandoned largely because so much money had recently been invested in an elegant new building on the Old Campus—Farnam Hall, that formidable pile whose red brick turrets still provide ample opportunity for college archers to practice their skill, if they are so disposed, upon the bodies of the local citizenry. And generations of graduates who had known comradeship along the Old Fence could certainly be forgiven if their blood rose to the boiling point when they saw it removed to make a place for Osborne Hall—erected, apparently, as an outpost of medieval Christendom in belated warfare against the Moors, and combining traits belonging to the architecture of both these ancient foemen.

Norman England and sixteenth-century Venice, ancient Egypt and ancient Rome, the Athens of Pericles and the Charlottesville of Thomas Jefferson have all made their contributions to buildings the Yale community has erected in New Haven, Connecticut, over the last hundred years. If some of the least happy of these importations have been reduced to rubble—Osborne Hall only through the aid of battering-rams driven by steam shovels against its well-founded battlements—enough still stand to form an enduring record of the great age of eclecticism in American art.

Only America of these our days awaits representation among the buildings of Yale. The Georgian style which James Gamble Rogers has employed so successfully in Davenport, Pierson, and Timothy Dwight Colleges may be considered indigenous to the American soil, perhaps, though its roots lie elsewhere, but in the twentieth century it is as thoroughly outdated as the Gothic he has used, to equal advantage, in other portions of the university. Even the chimneys of the university heating plant are tapered into the shape of Gothic towers, and the welded steel frame of the stacks in the Sterling Library has been given massive buttresses, as if its own strong body—sinewy as a skyscraper, while it stood naked to the winds, waiting to be sheathed in stone—had not been sufficient to carry its burden of books. The Payne Whitney Gymnasium lies so remote from the other buildings of the university that it might certainly have been given a modern dress without danger of conflict with more old-fashioned styles in its immediate vicinity, and its inner recesses provide motifs that might have molded the outer structure to the shape and line of modern life; but the walls that inclose its up-to-the-minute rowing tanks and swimming pools are so strongly suggestive of a medieval cathedral that one instinctively looks about for the stoup of holy water beyond the arched portal; and the Trophy Room, for all its oars and footballs, has the look of a chapel in which Sir Galahad might have prayed over the arms he was to assume for the first time upon the morrow.

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It is futile, and probably a little silly, to complain about all this. Elderly universities, in their corporate capacity, are seldom to be found leading the vanguard of the arts. Custodians of all that the years have winnowed, they cherish ancient beauty and ancient truth beyond the season of their harvest and move quite happily about the business of building new worlds under the shadow of towers that breathe the enchantments of ages long gone past. Young spirits, among the teachers and the taught, who have the future in their eyes, will fret themselves to the verge of desperation at the tacking and luffing with which their institution seems to follow in the wake of the present; but the clamor they may raise, shrill with the impatience of youth, serves only to stir the calm academic waters for a little or to wring protests from a few alumni of the sort that customarily refer to themselves as "all right-thinking men." The highly intelligent undergraduates who have been pouring their scorn for twenty years and more upon the "girder Gothic" of twentieth-century Yale have been able to drive home their point to the very hilt, but Yale lives none the less contentedly under the shadow of Harkness Tower.

The architect has acknowledged that inspiration for that tower came to him from the church of St. Botolph in Boston, England, and the family resemblance is strong enough to stir nostalgia in the breasts of Yale men who catch a glimpse of the Boston Stump rising above the lowlands of Lincolnshire. Nevertheless, the tower Mr. Rogers built for his American university is no mere imitation of its remote English ancestor. It is a later and a native growth. It rises against the New England sky with all the sudden, upsurging energy of a new world, of the impetuous young nation that broke with the British crown in the days when Ezra Stiles was president of Yale and Nathan Hale gave his life for a new country, regretting that he had but one to give. The native forces that have made our land and our day what they are have molded the Harkness Tower to a new shape, only remotely resembling that of the couronne tower of St. Botolph's Church. Child of the young republic, it wears its crown with a difference.

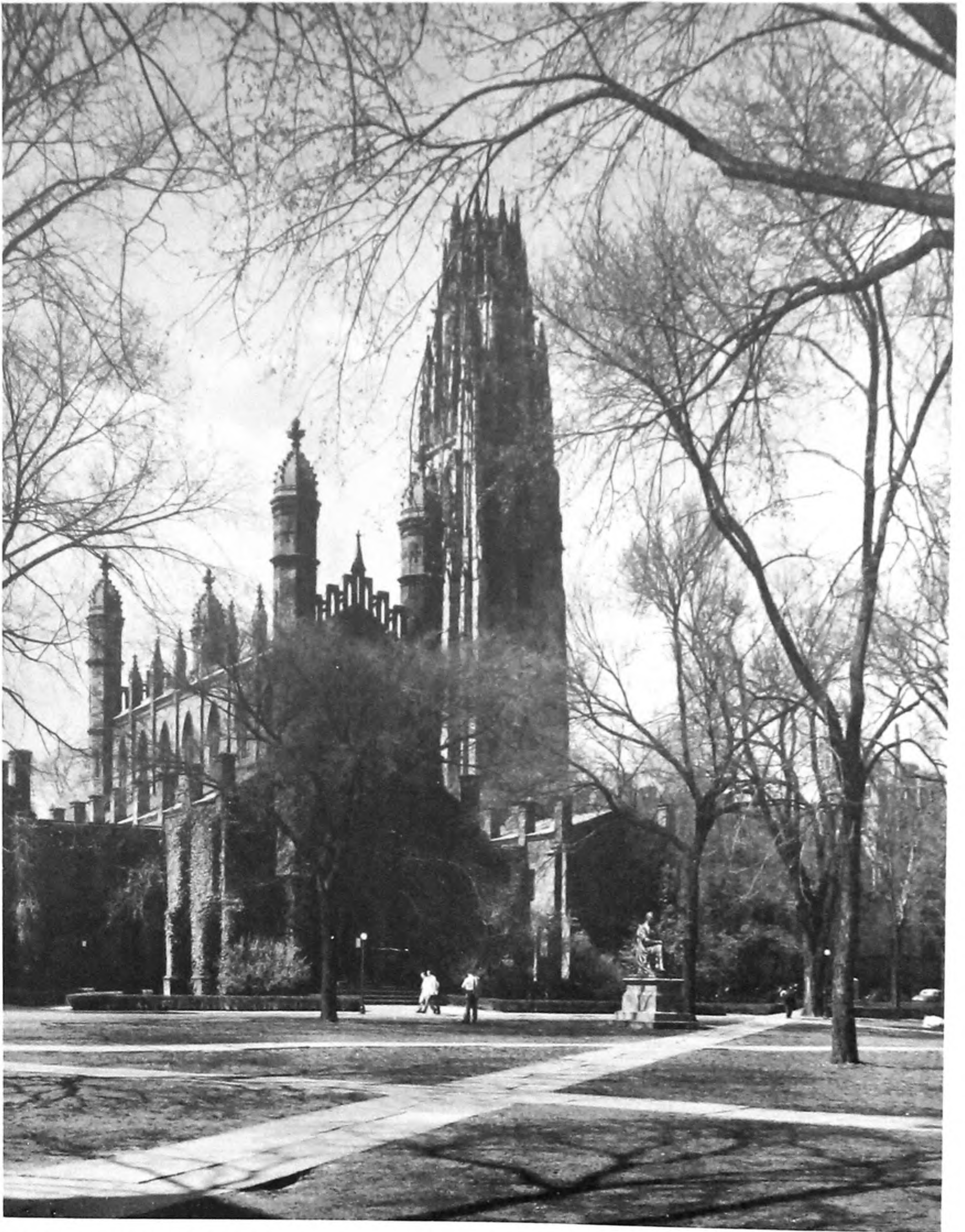
The truth is that Yale University, for all her Gothic towers and smokestacks, her Palladian doorways and colonnades, is not living so completely under the spell of the past as some of her impatient children are inclined to believe. In Gothic library or laboratory her scholars encamp on the frontiers of untrodden thought, and in Norman gymnasium or Georgian dormitory her young men gird themselves at their leisure for the conquest of a world whose coasts have not yet been charted. The matters that concern her, to be sure, cover the whole space of measured and immeasurable time, and the daily fare by which she is fed comes to her from all the ages men have scanned; but the principal business to which her life has been dedicated, since her days in Branford, Killingworth, and Saybrook, has been to feed the strength of the present and prepare strength against the future. Day by day her pulses stir afresh with the blood of youth, and her face, each morning, turns hopefully to look down the avenue of years to come.

ROBERT DUDLEY FRENCH

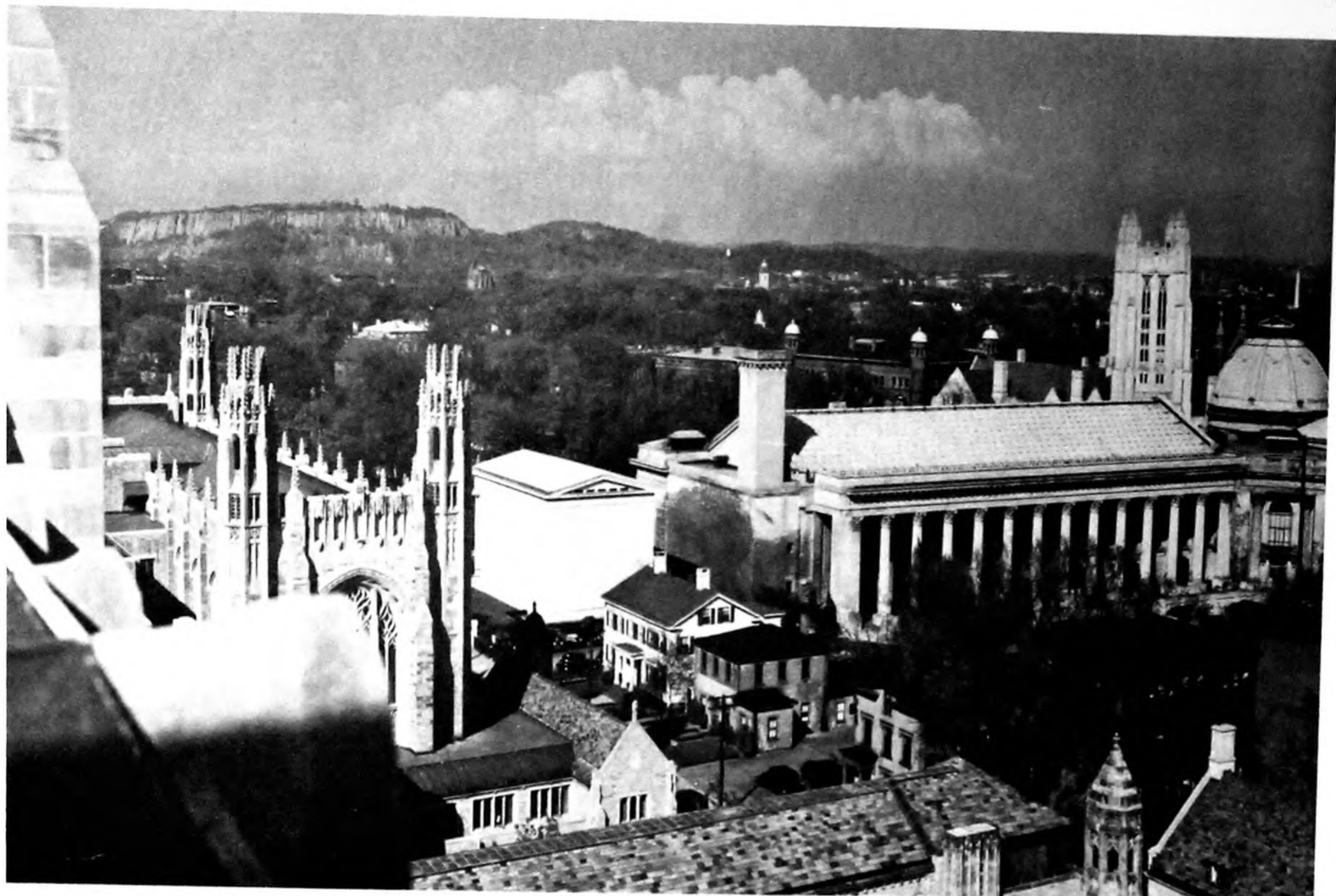
Jonathan Edwards College
March, 1950

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HARKNESS TOWER looks over the shoulder of Dwight Chapel into the Old Campus. Here stood the original "Yale College," to be followed by the buildings of the Brick Row. In the long reign of President Woolsey (1846–71), to be seen seated before Dwight Chapel in this picture, the buildings of Yale began to spread beyond the confines of this original city square.



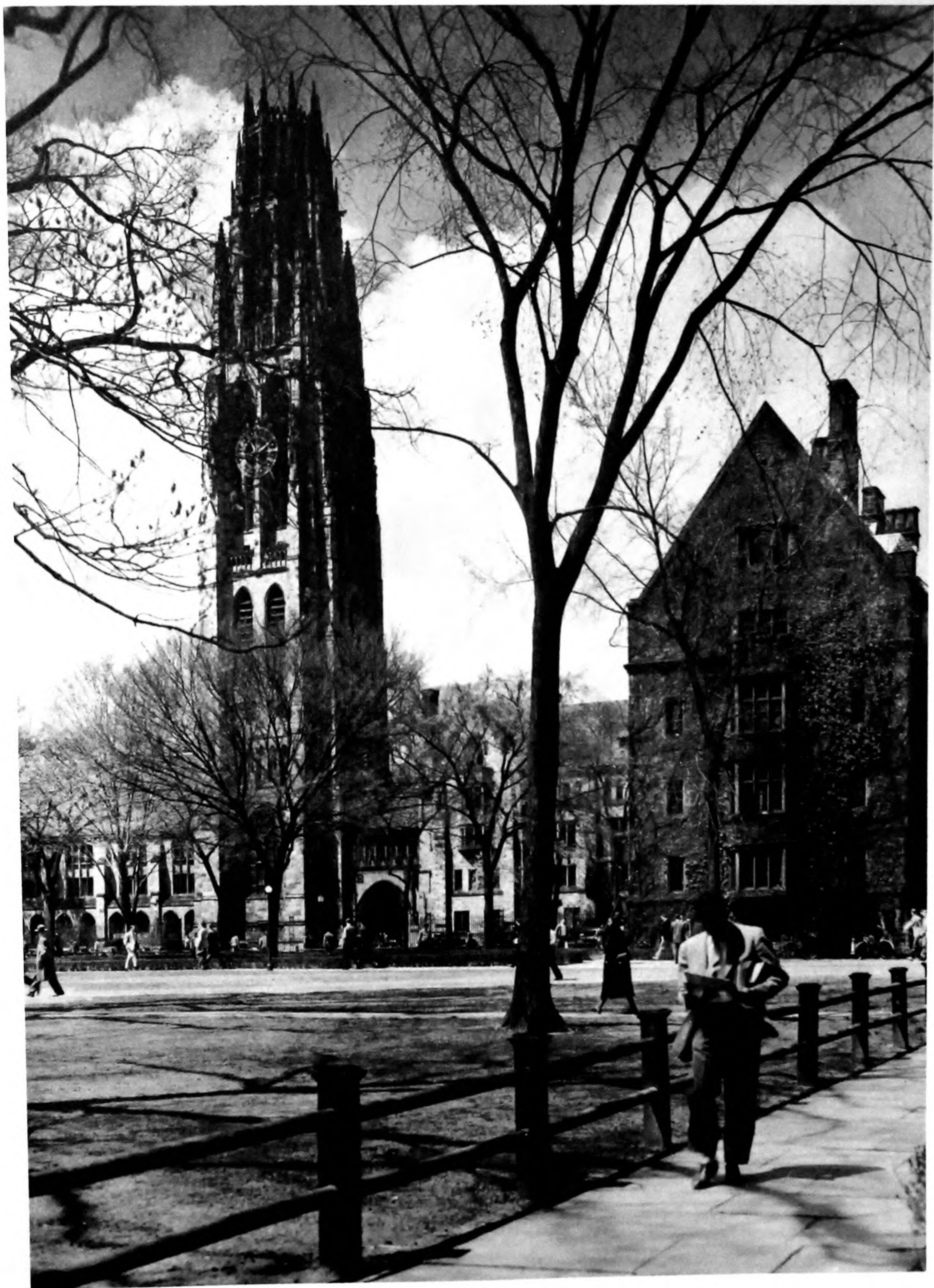
East Rock beyond the roofs and towers of Yale.



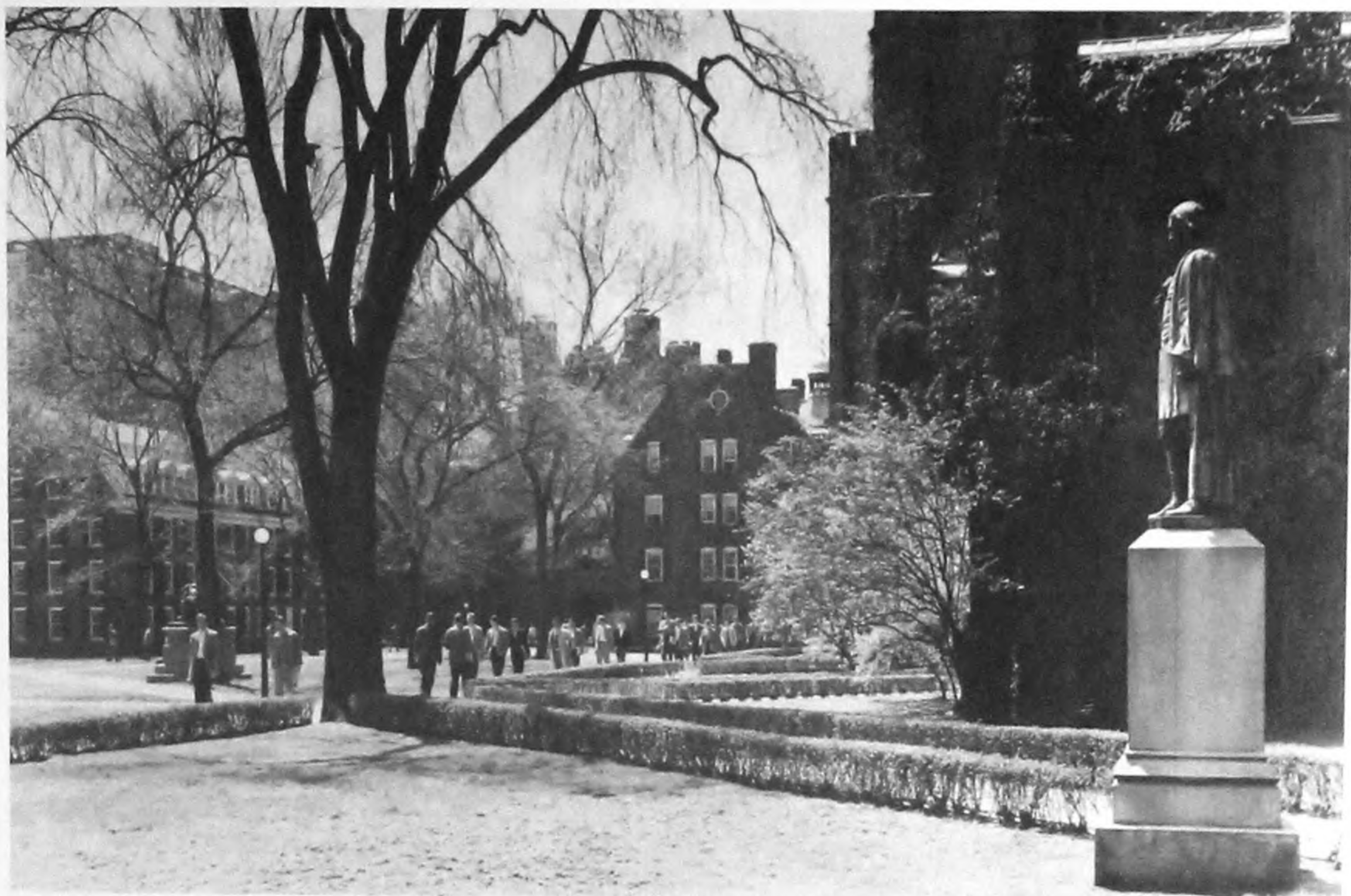
Across the city Green to the buildings of the Old Campus.



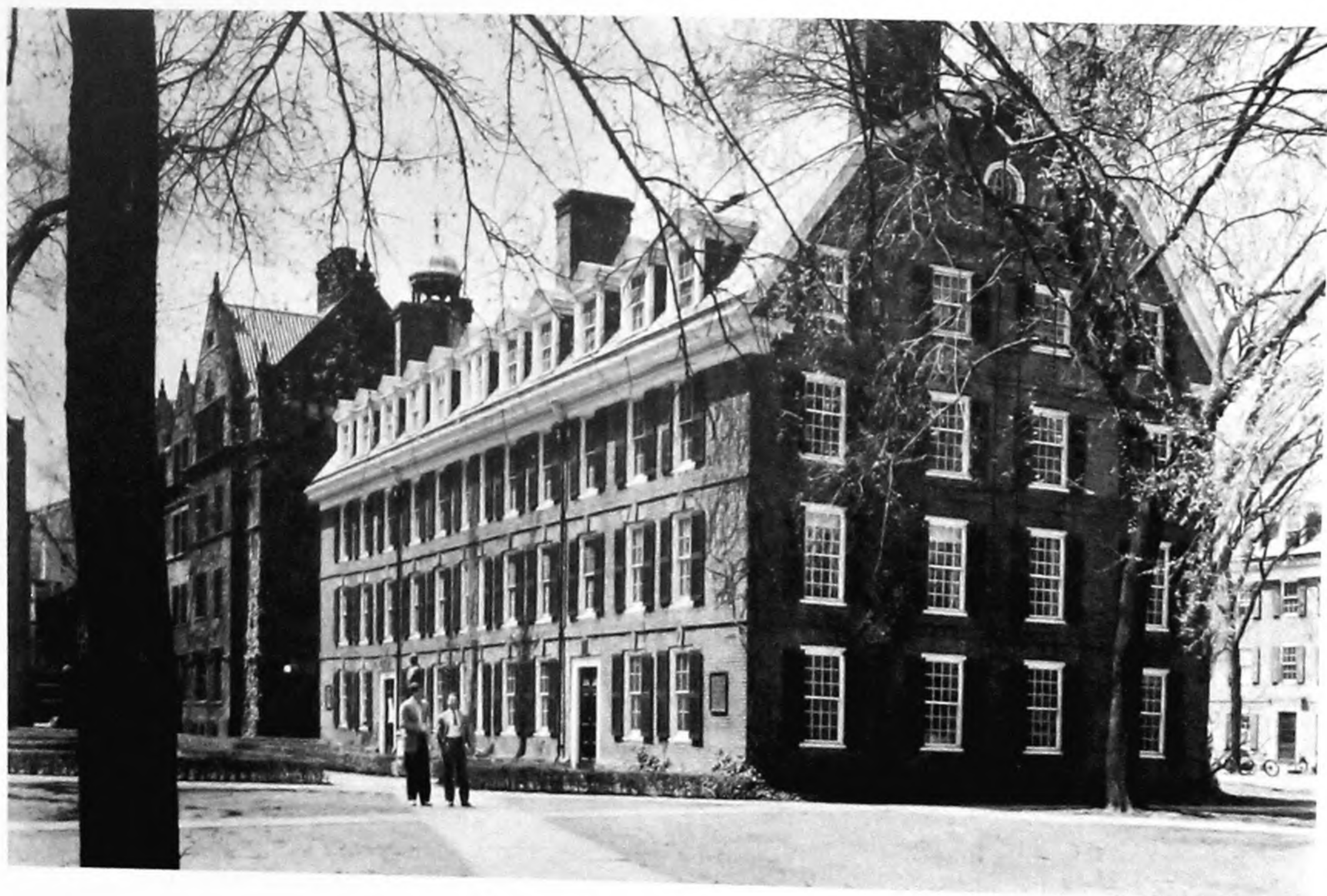
Bela Pratt's statue of Nathan Hale.



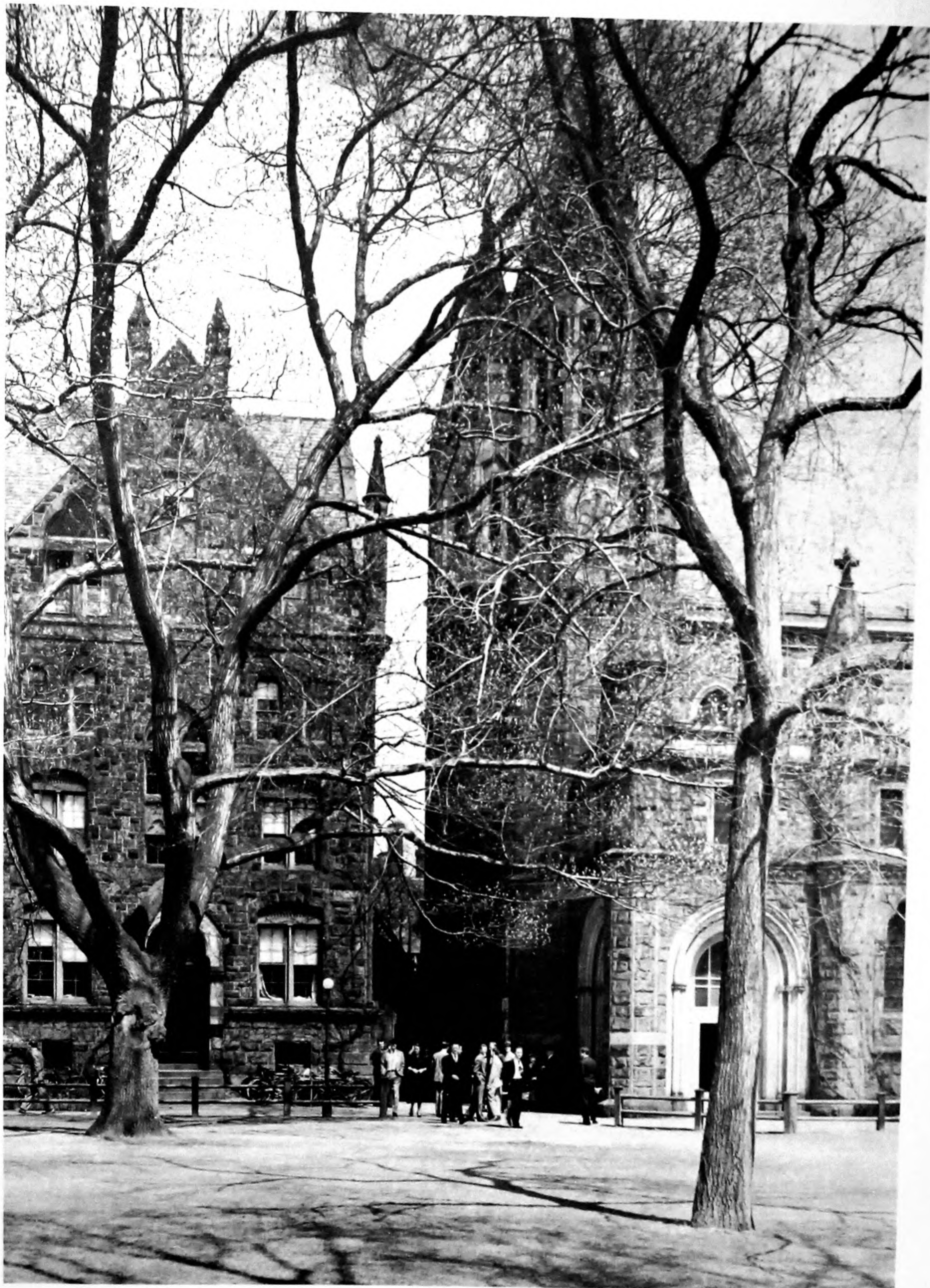
Harkness Tower and a wing of the dormitory named for Dean Wright.



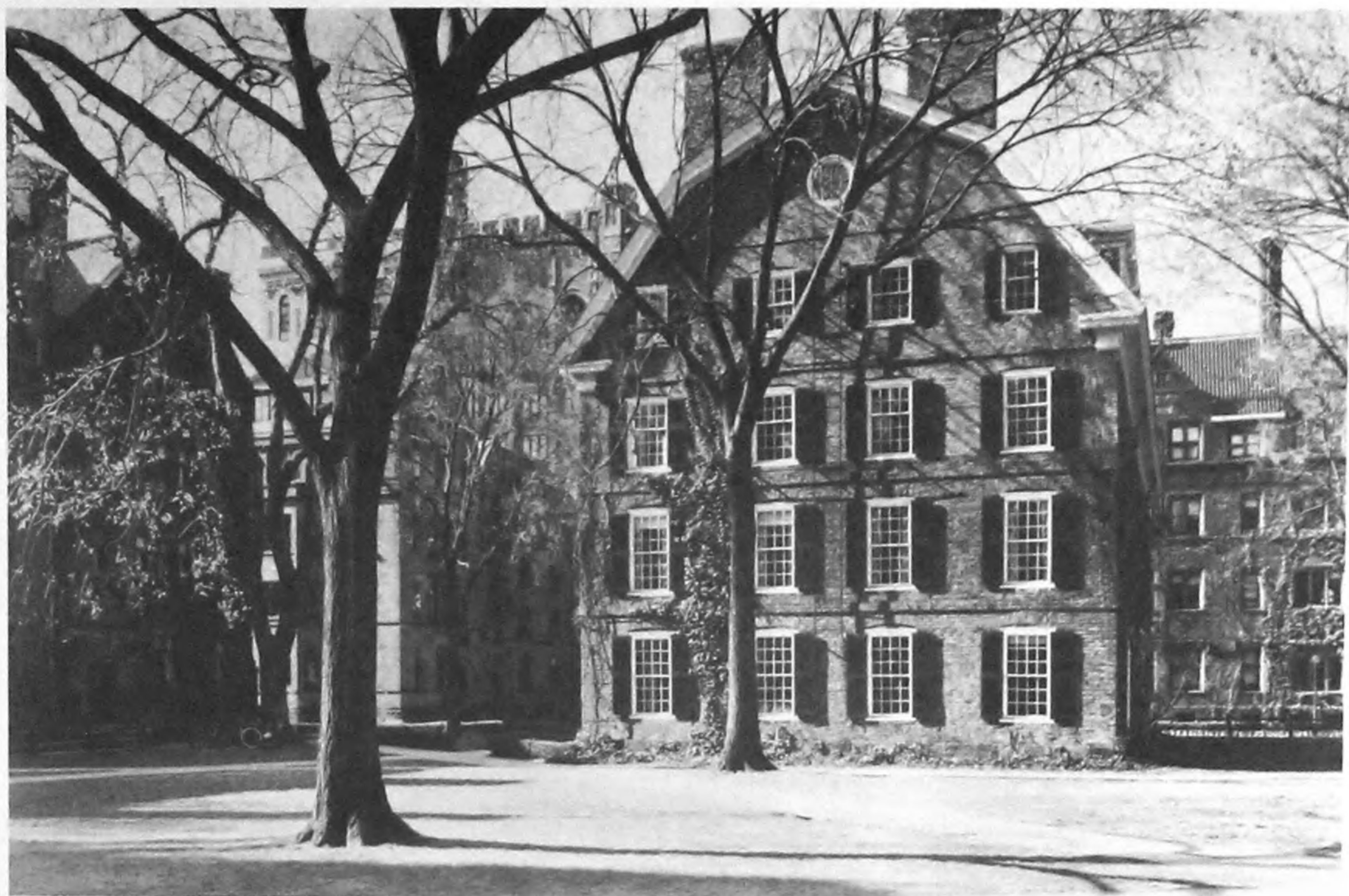
Abraham Pierson, Rector of the collegiate school, 1701-07.



Connecticut Hall, 1752.



Durfee Hall and Battell Chapel.



Three dormitories—Welch, Bingham, Vanderbilt—surround Connecticut.



Looking south on the Old Campus.

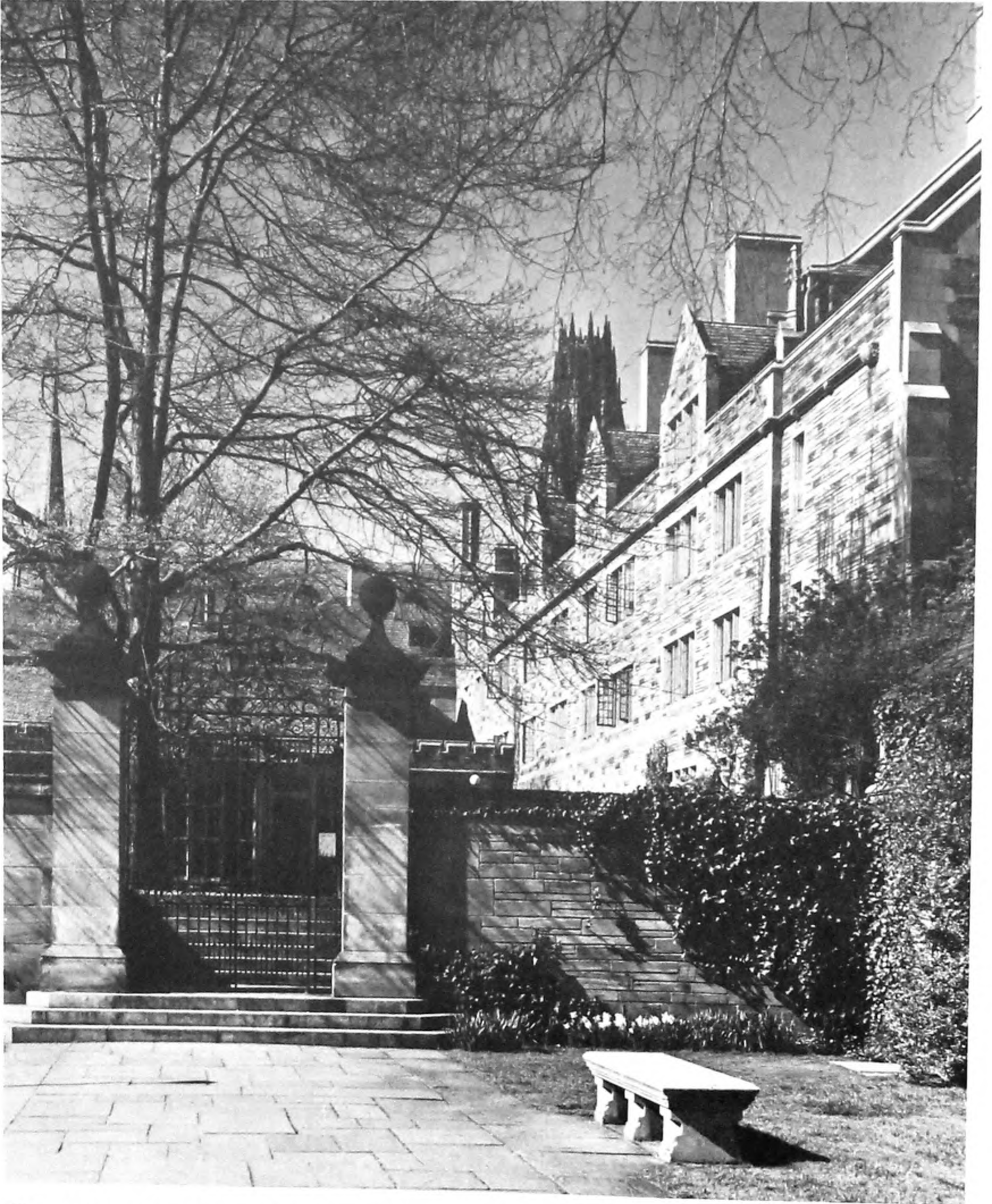


Farnam, Lawrance, and Phelps line the eastern side of the Old Campus.



Vanderbilt Hall between Connecticut and McClellan.

Berkeley College



The philosopher, George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, was one of Yale's earliest benefactors. Remembering his gifts of books and of land, Yale has given his name to one of the eight colleges established by the gift of Edward Harkness, B.A. 1897. The two courts of the college rise above the cross-campus, along High Street opposite the University Library.



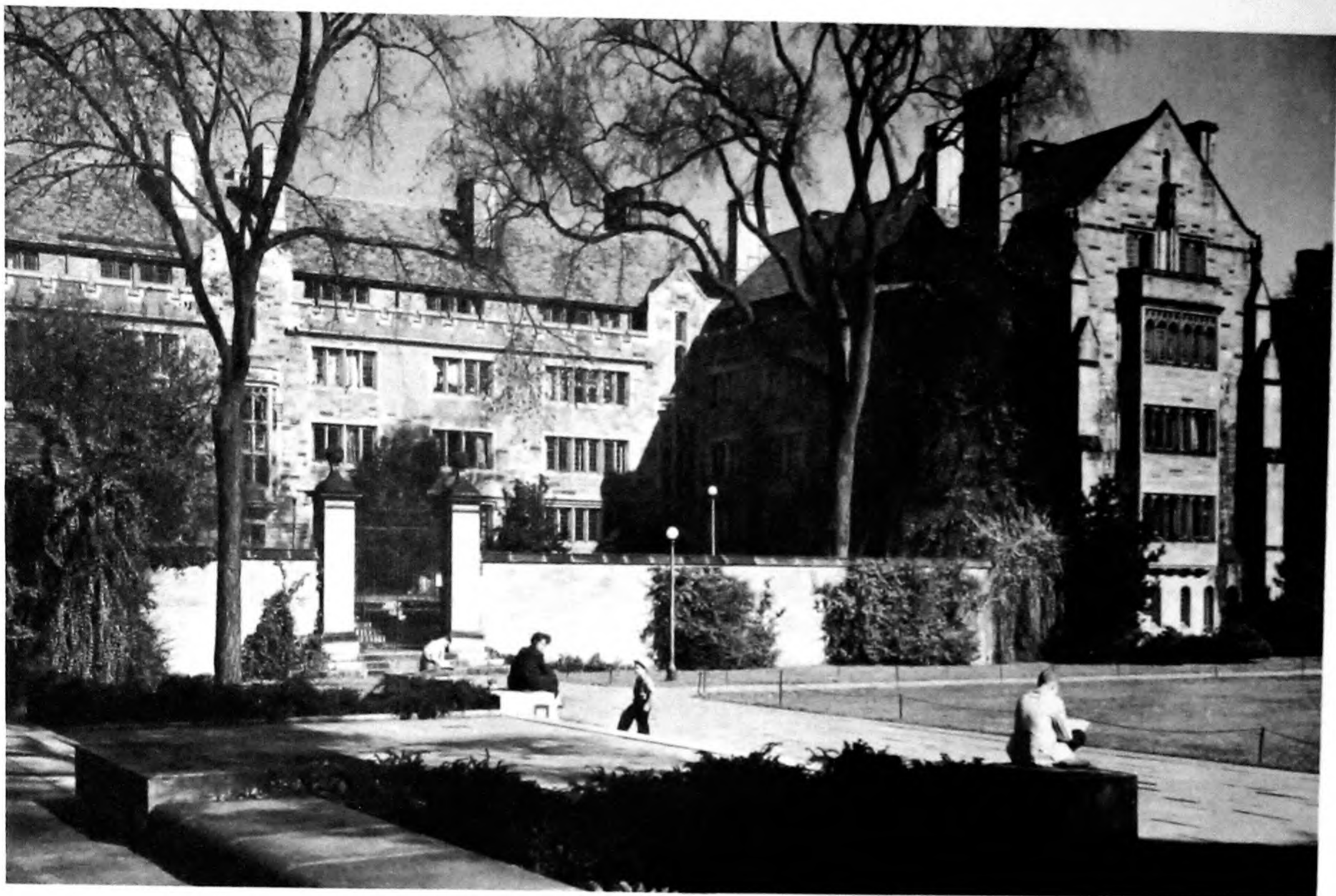
From the south court of Berkeley College.



The sundial in the south court formerly stood in Berkeley Oval.



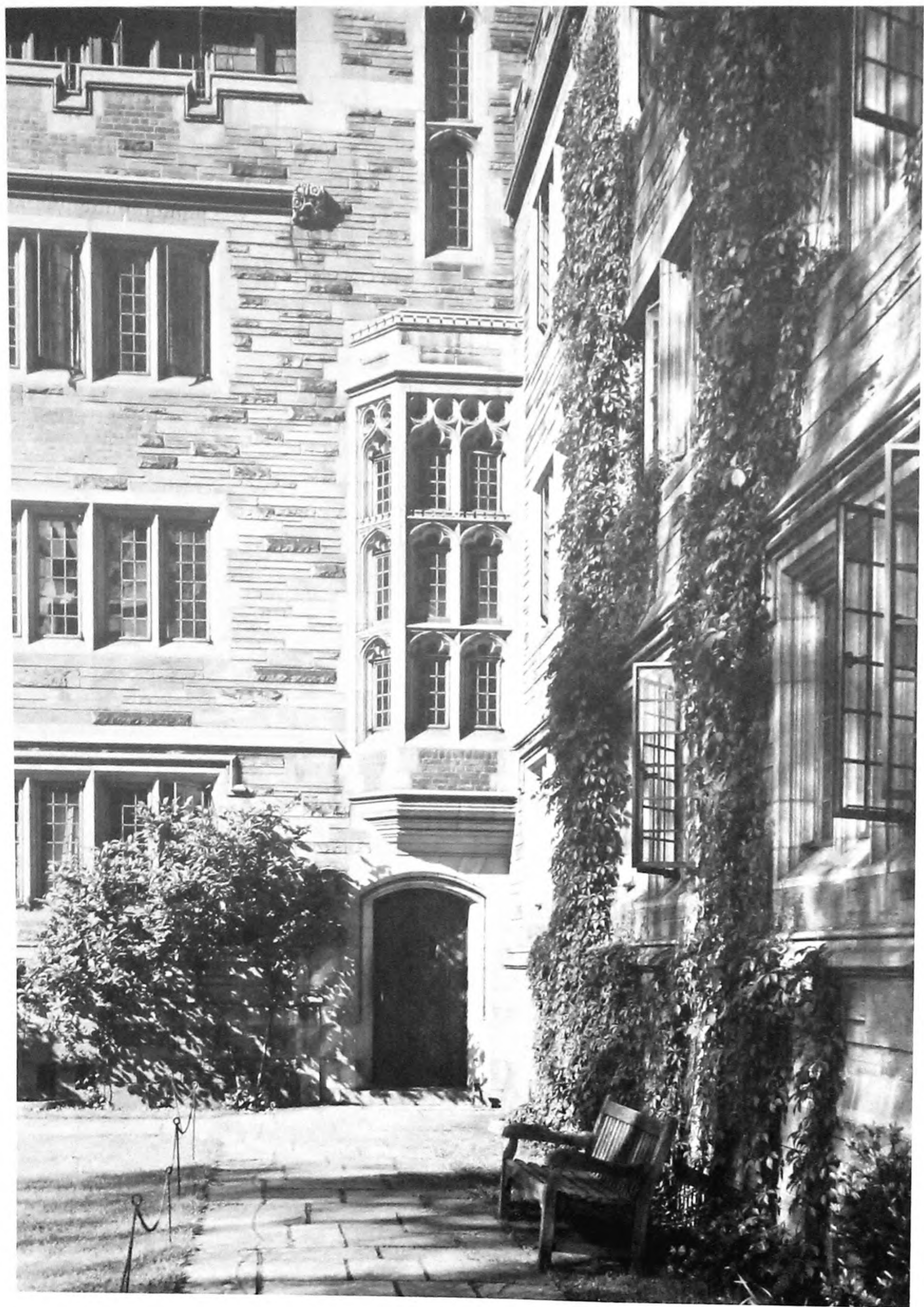
125 High Street, residence of the Master of Berkeley.



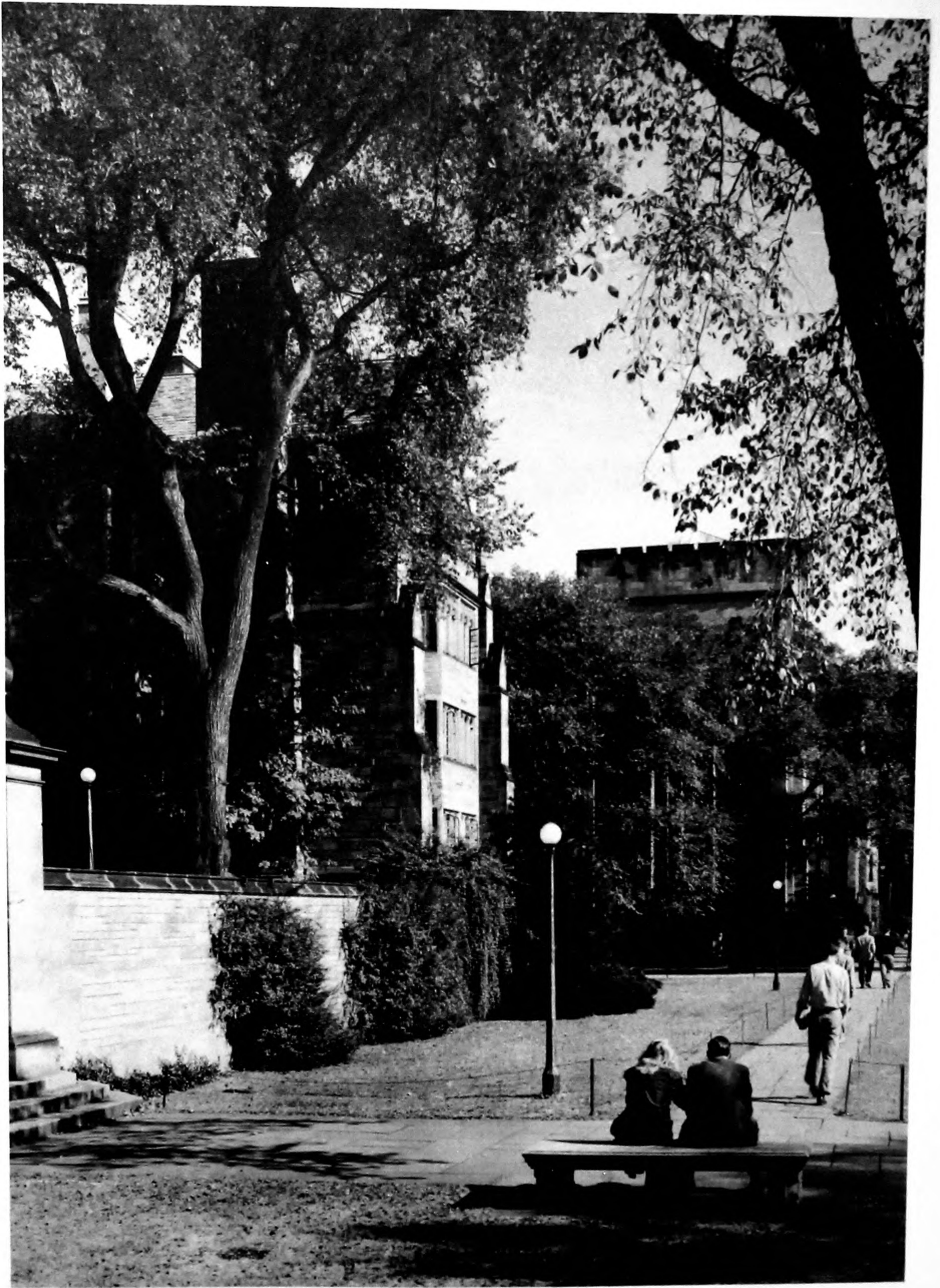
North court of Berkeley College from the cross-campus.



Common Room windows facing upon the south court.



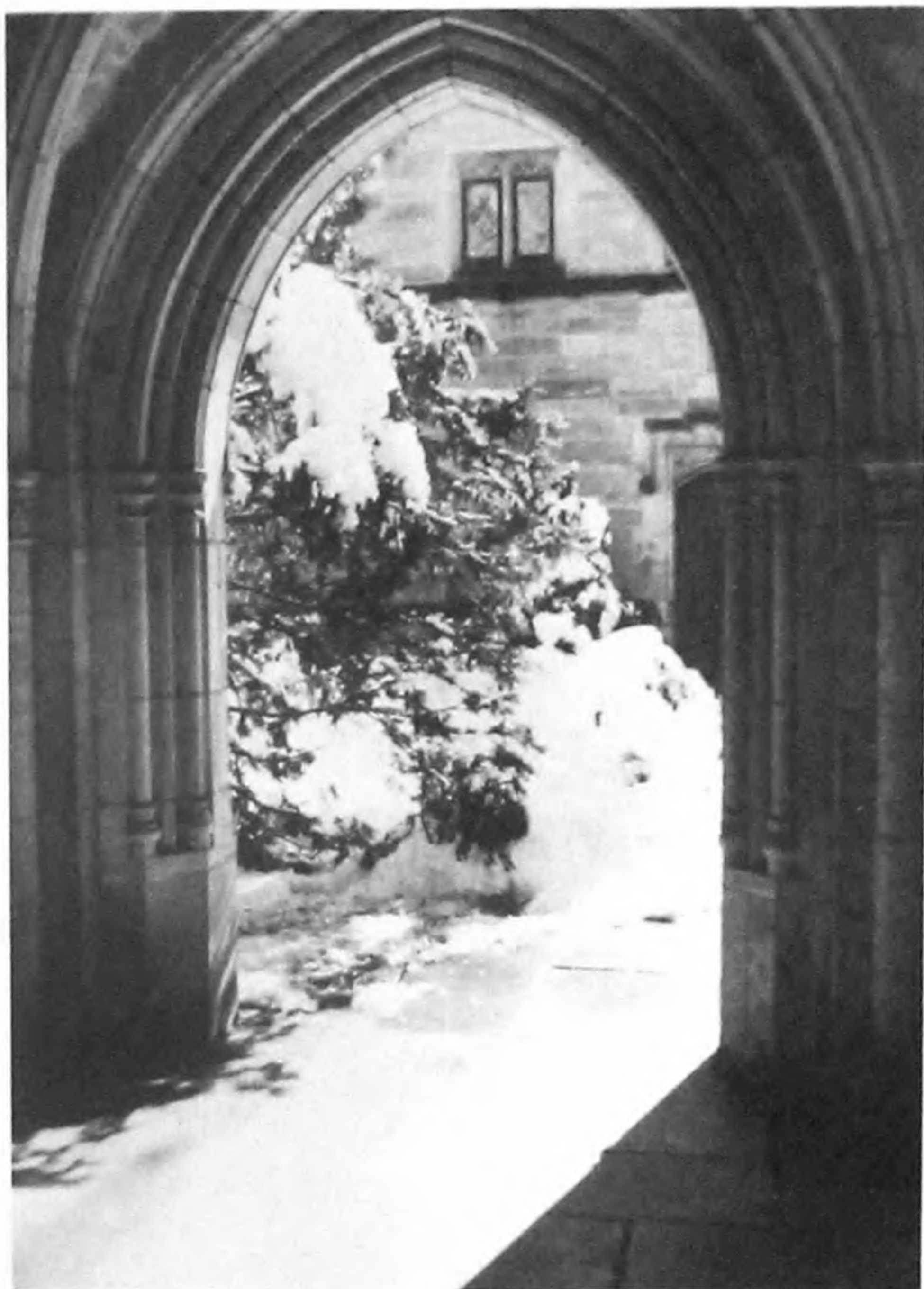
A corner of the north court.

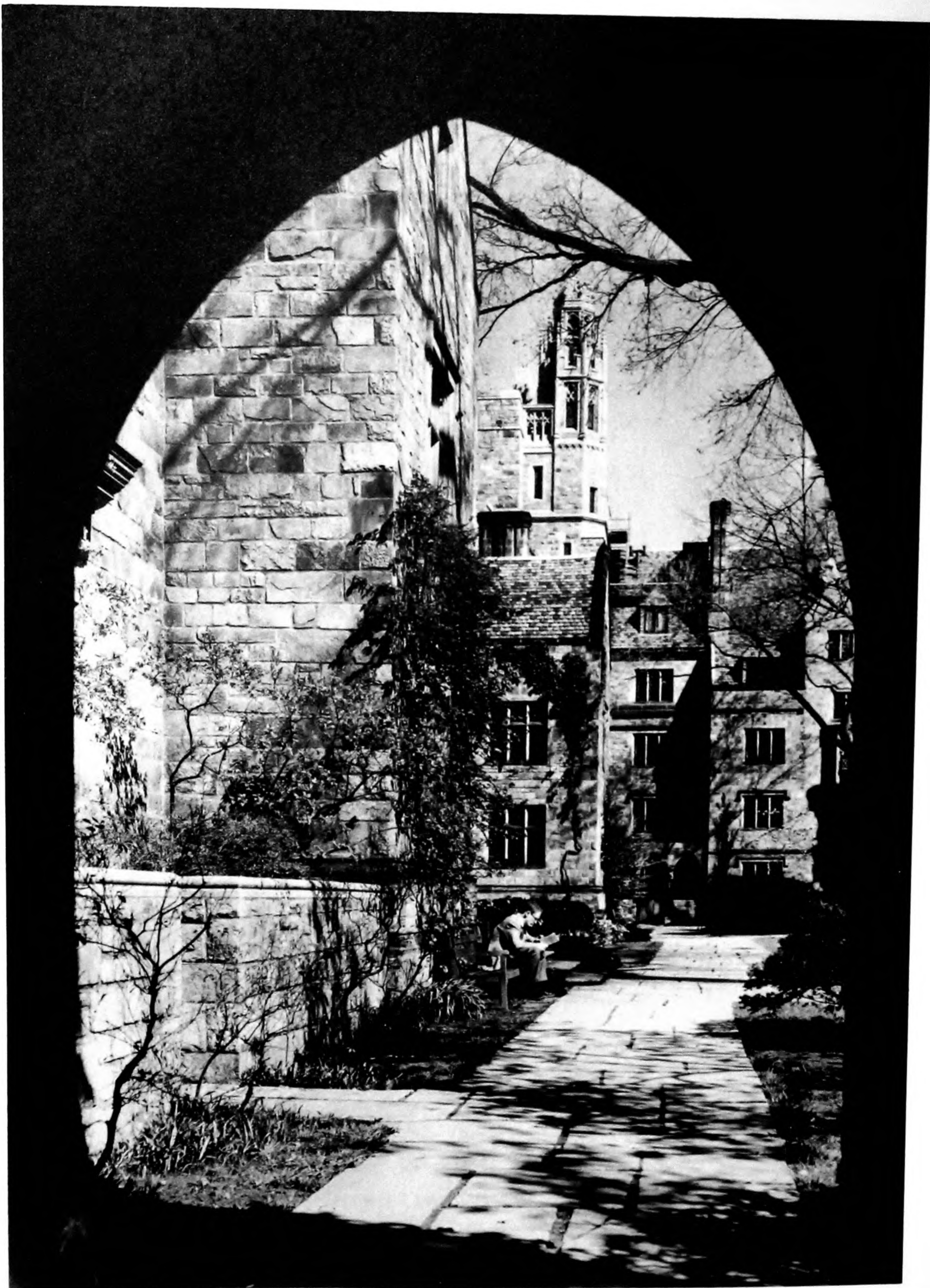


On the cross-campus below the north court of Berkeley College.

Branford College

The largest of the four courts of Branford College is named, like the college itself, for the town in which Yale was founded. Three smaller courts, Linonia, Calliope, and Brothers-in-Unity, are named for student societies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.





Jewel tower above the northeast corner of Branford Court.



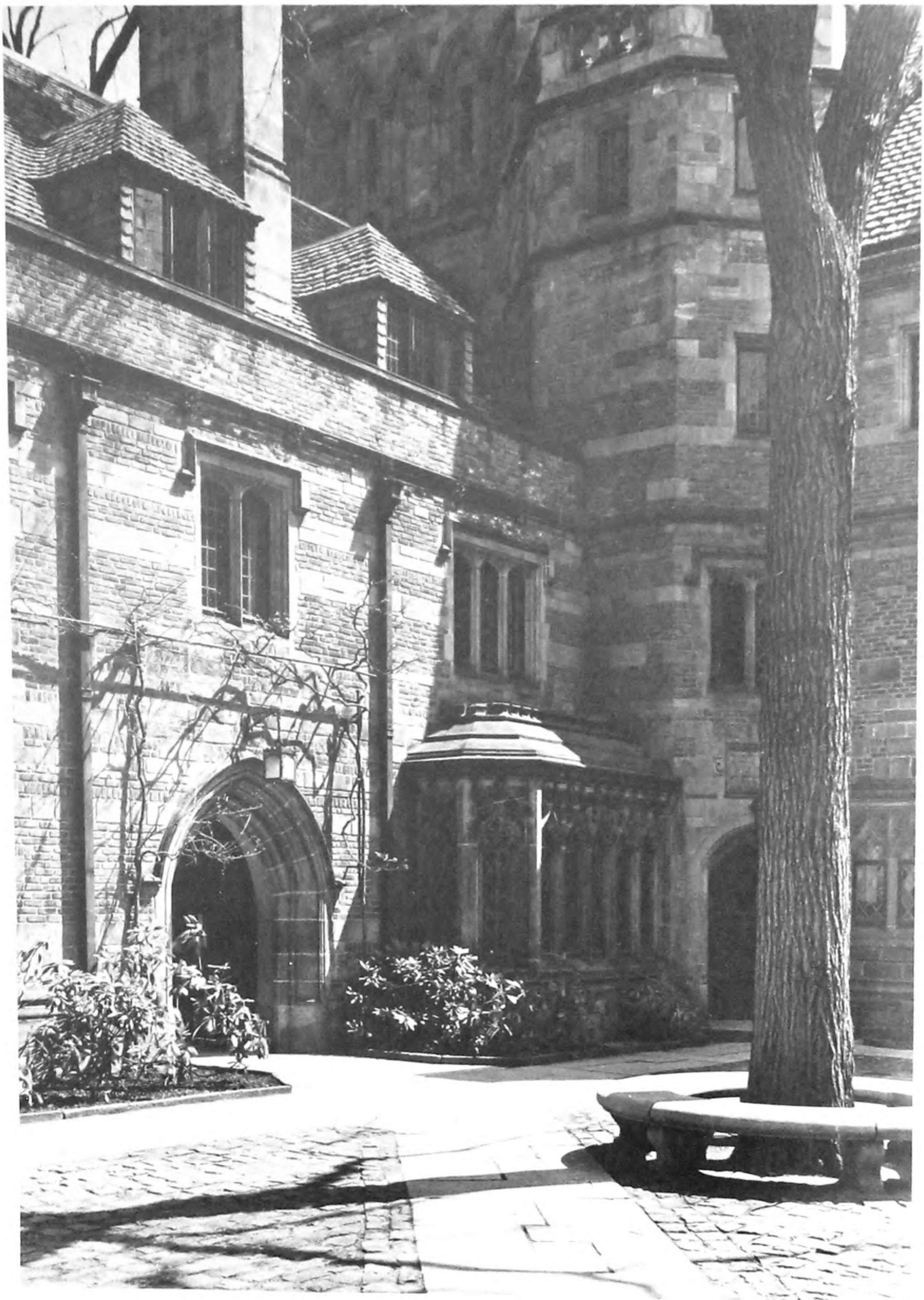
Archway leading to Calliope Court, Branford College.



Northwest corner of Branford Court.



Spring follows on winter's traces in Branford Court.

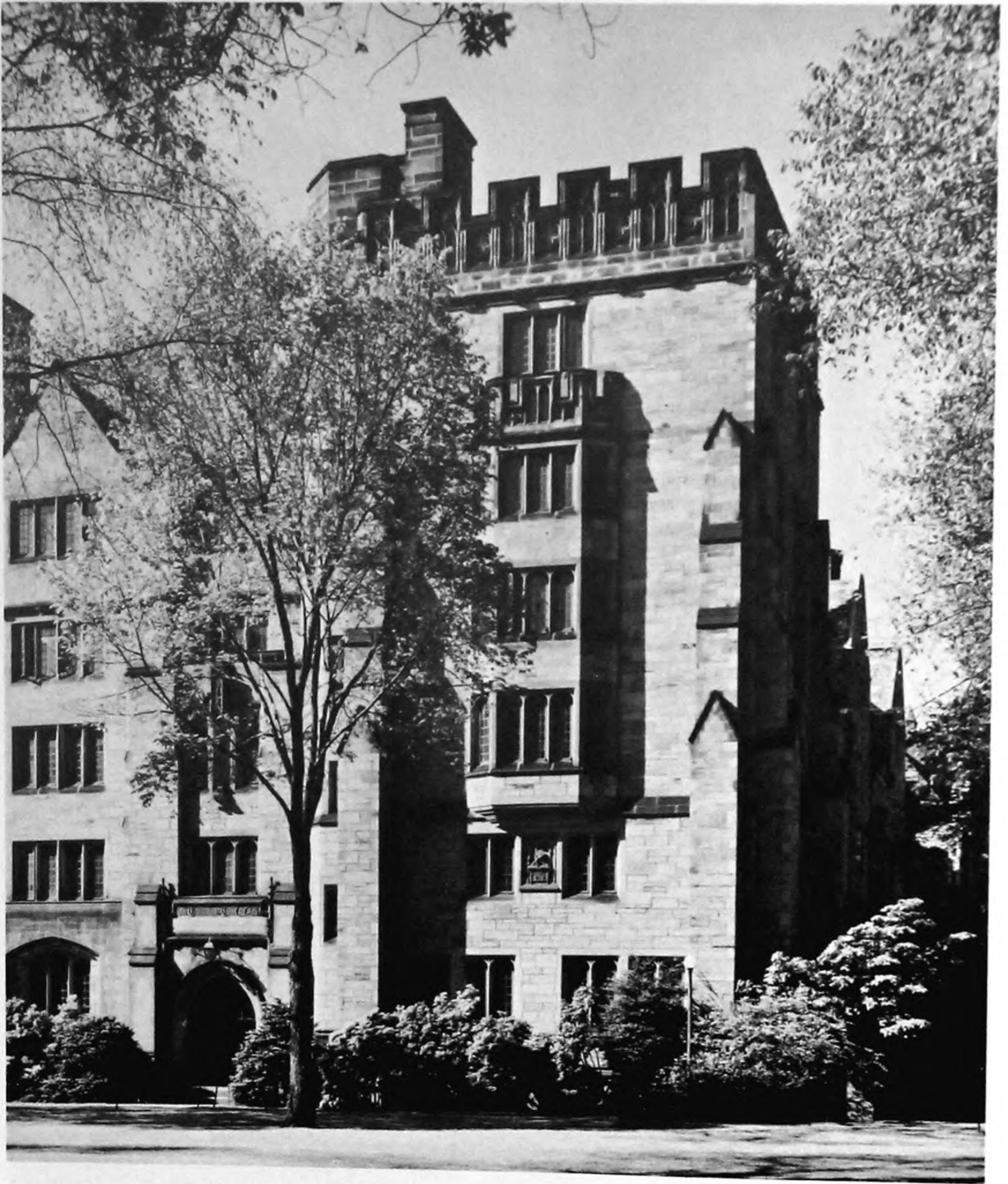


Linonia Court, Branford College.



The church tower that looks down on the grave of Elihu Yale in Wrexham, Wales, inspired Wrexham Tower, which rises above Branford and Saybrook Colleges.

Calhoun College



Calhoun College honors the memory of the great statesman of the South who came to Yale from the Savannah River country in 1802 and was graduated two years later. The college, established in 1933 by the gift of Edward Harkness, stands at the corner of Elm and College Streets.



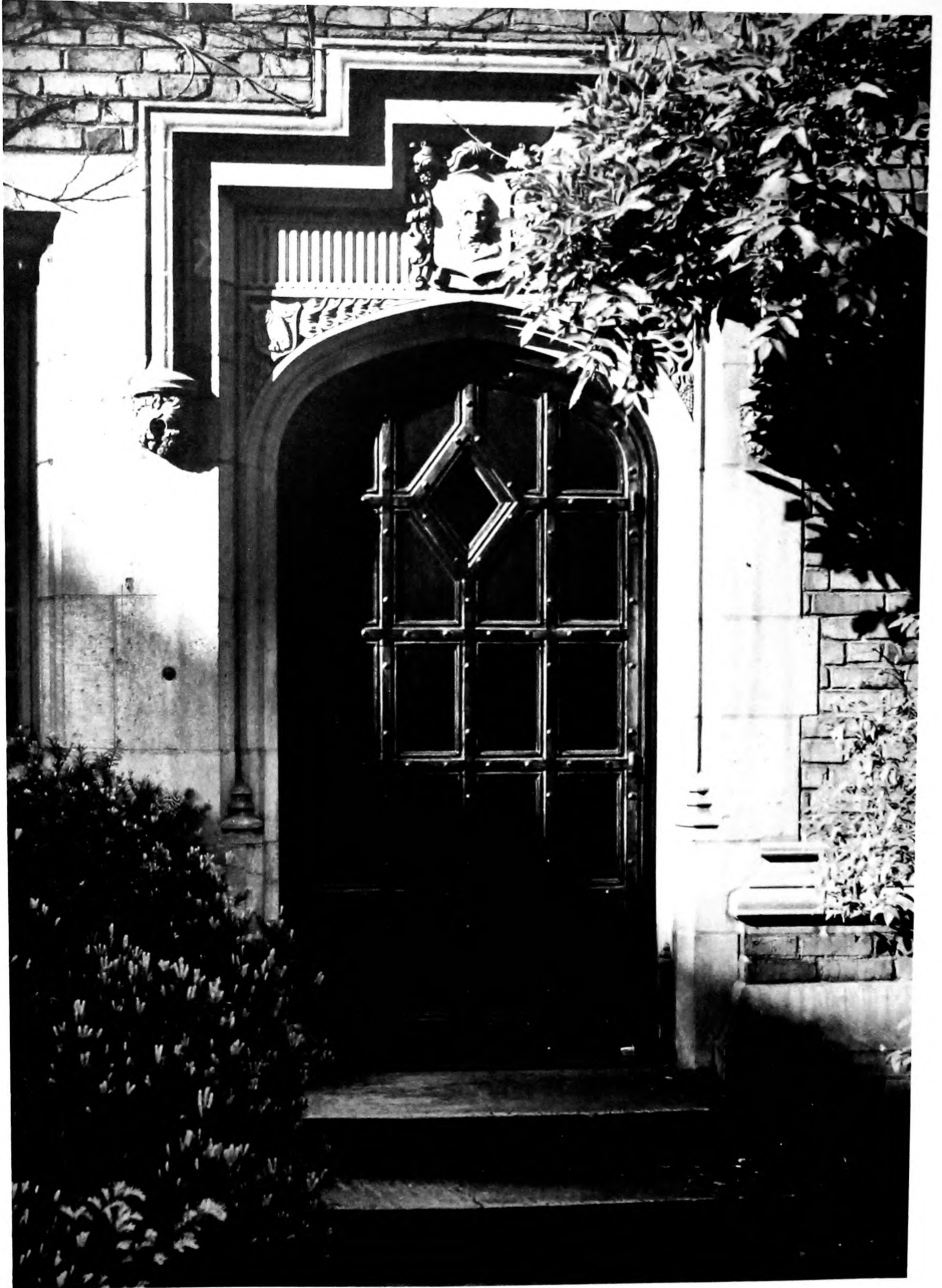
Dormitories of Calhoun College to the east of Blount Avenue.



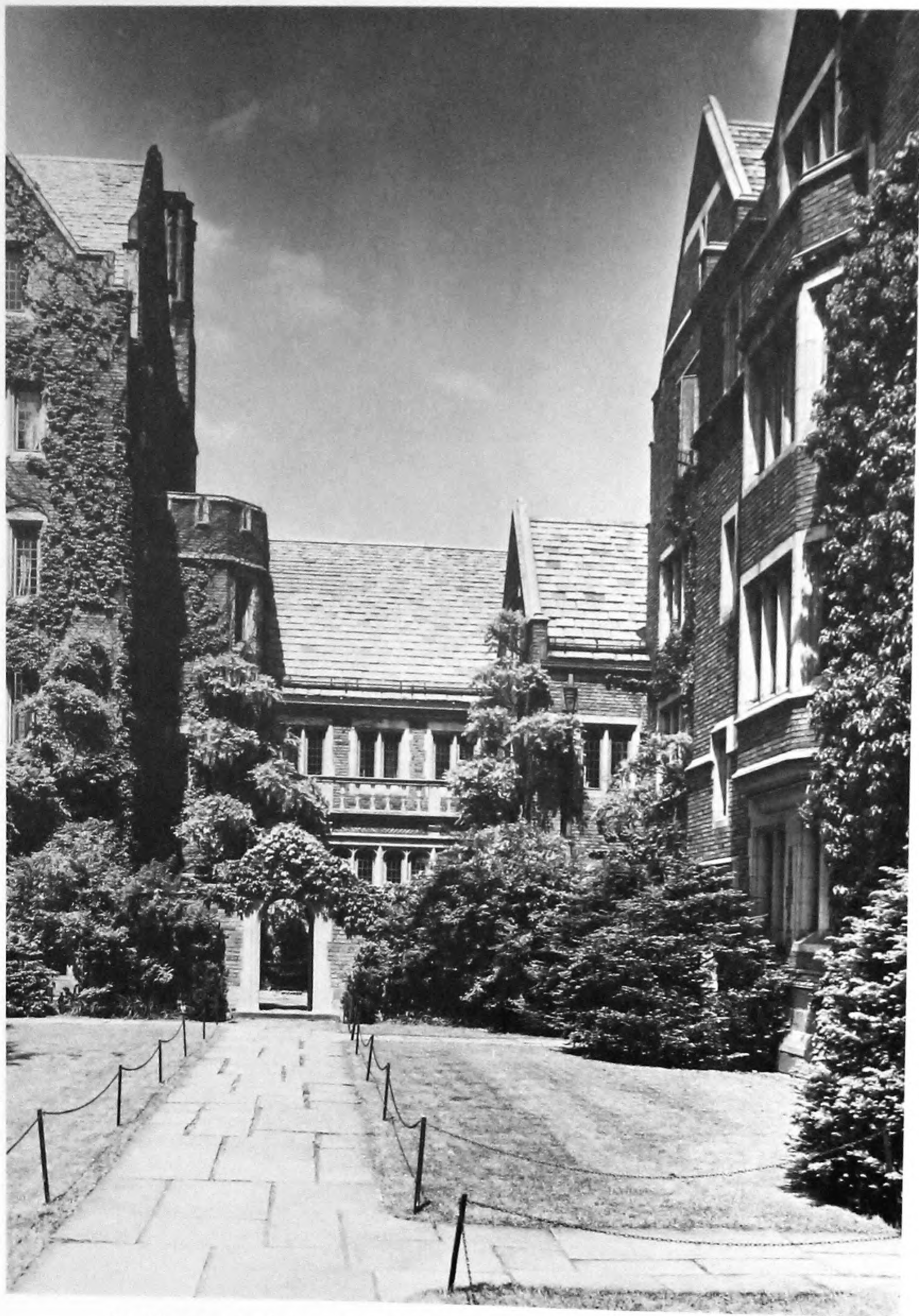
Junior and Senior Common Rooms.



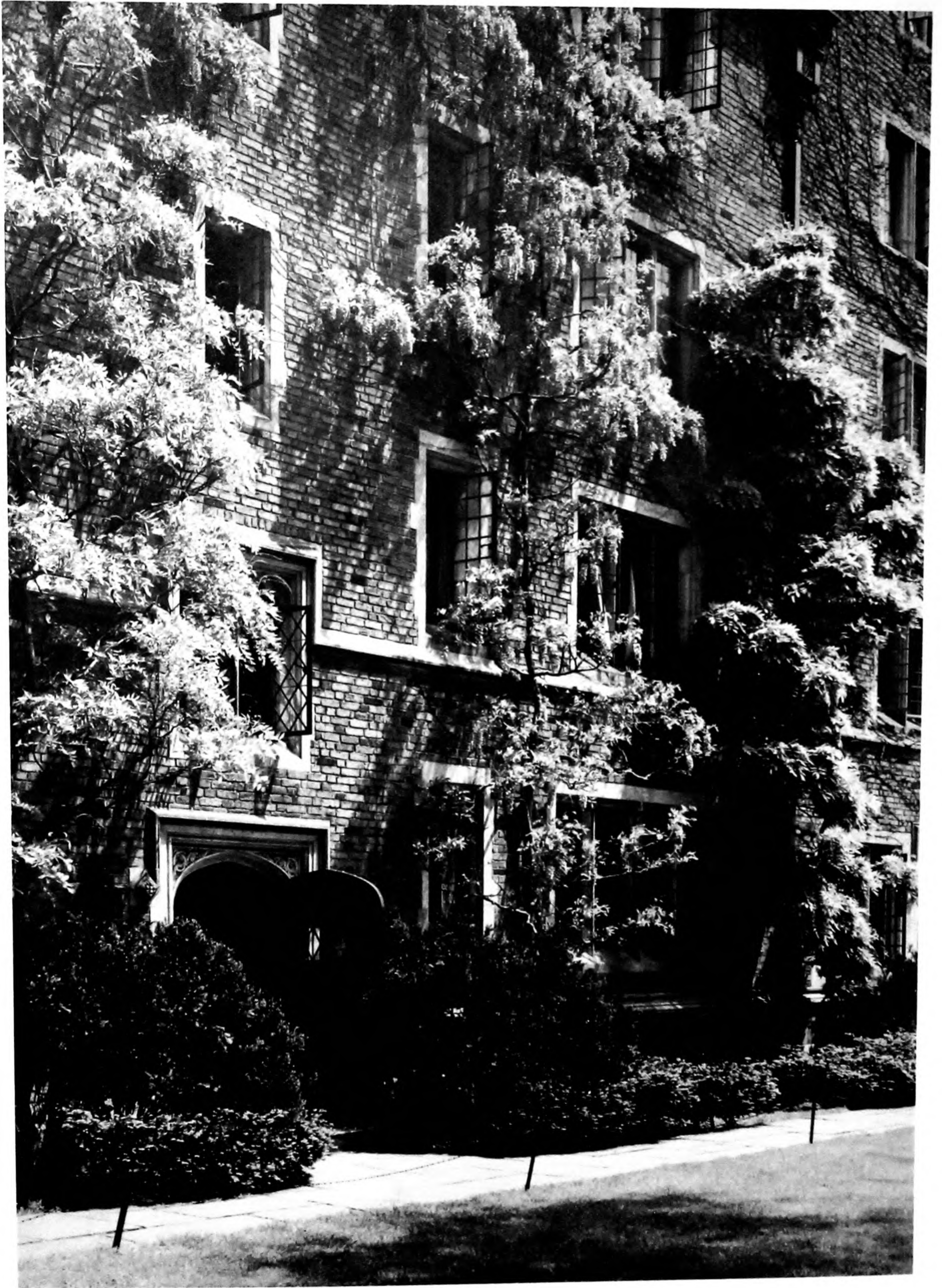
Northeast corner of the court, Calhoun College.



John Caldwell Calhoun, of the Class of 1804.



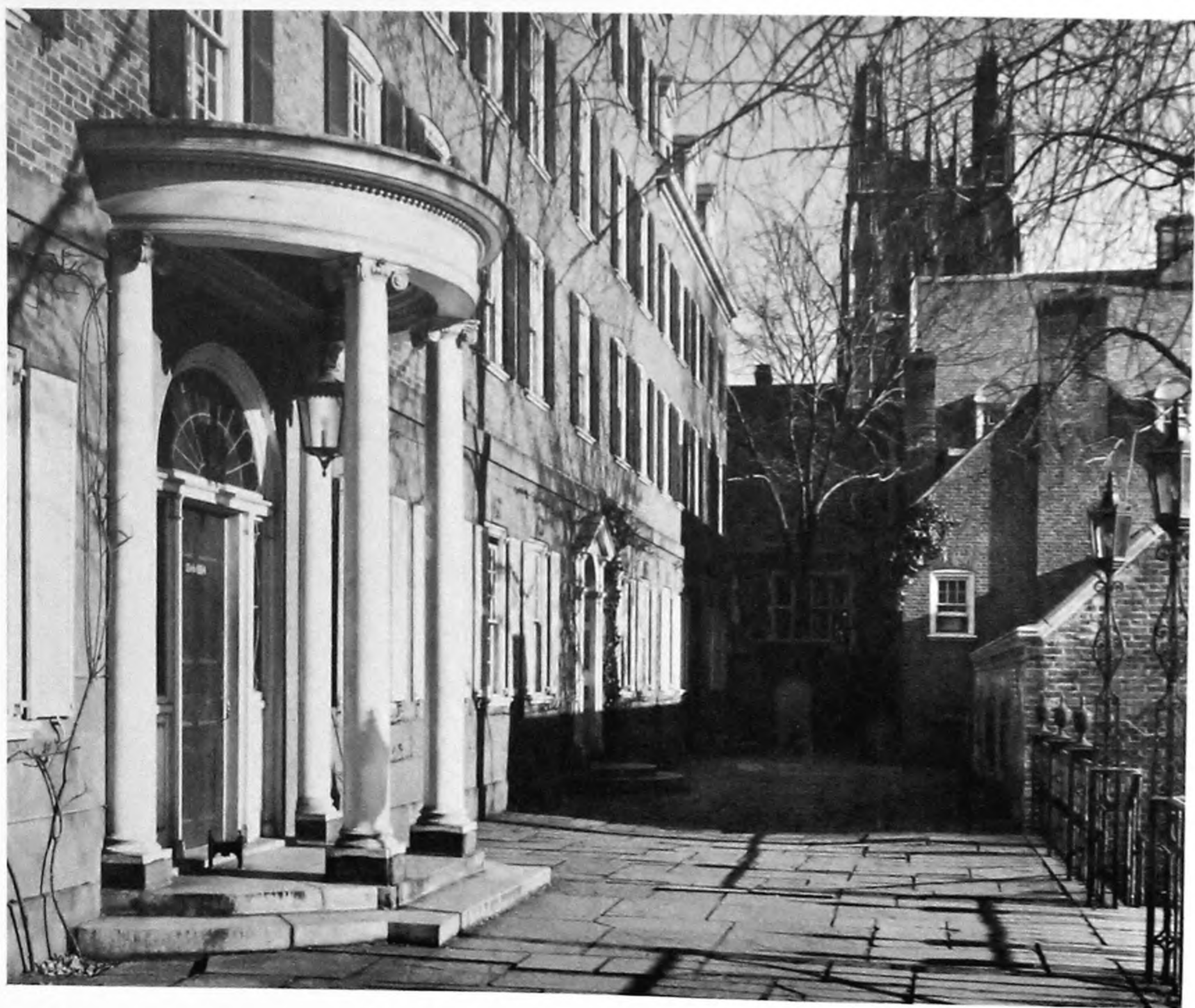
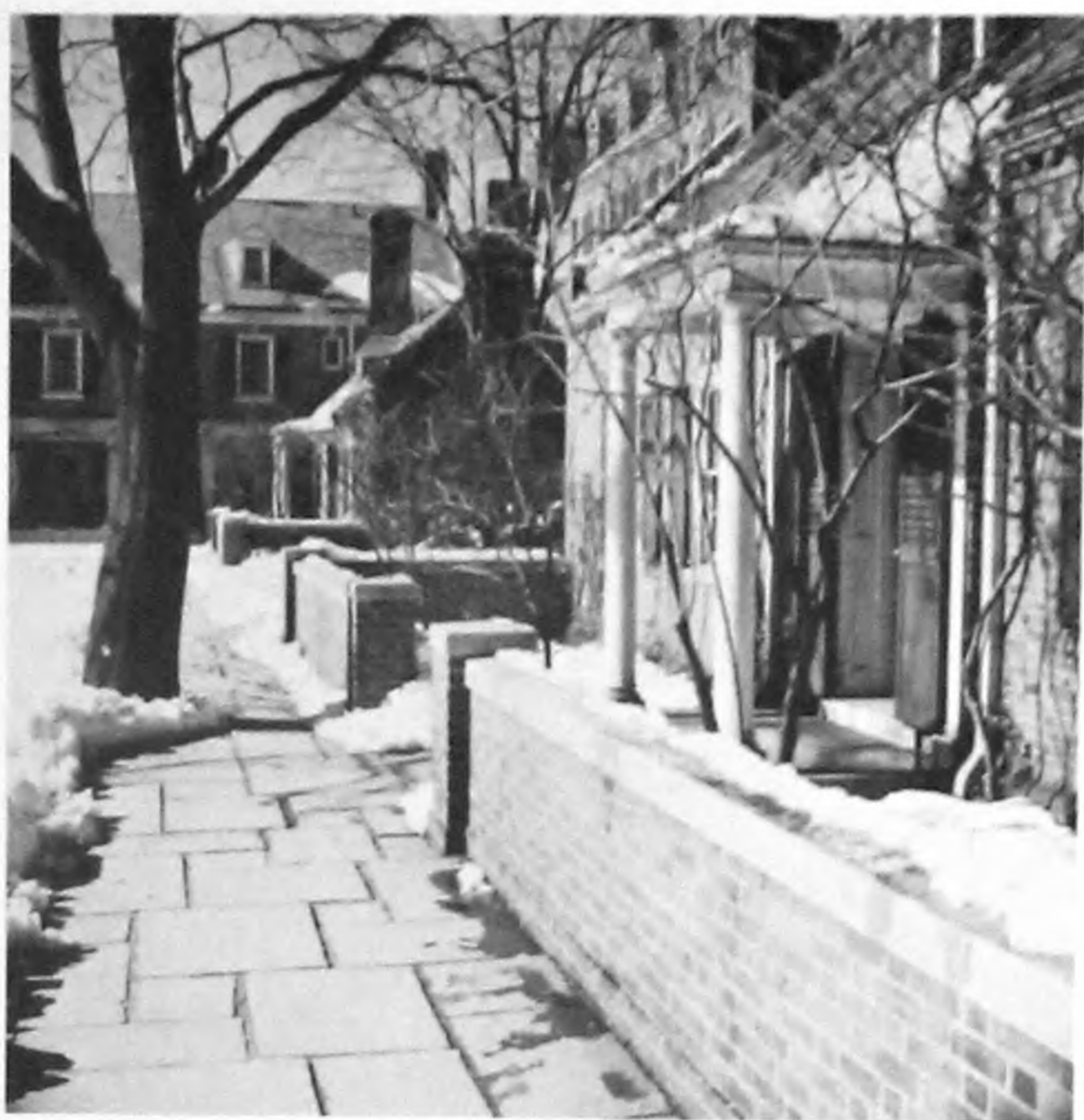
Looking toward the Master's house and garden, Calhoun College.



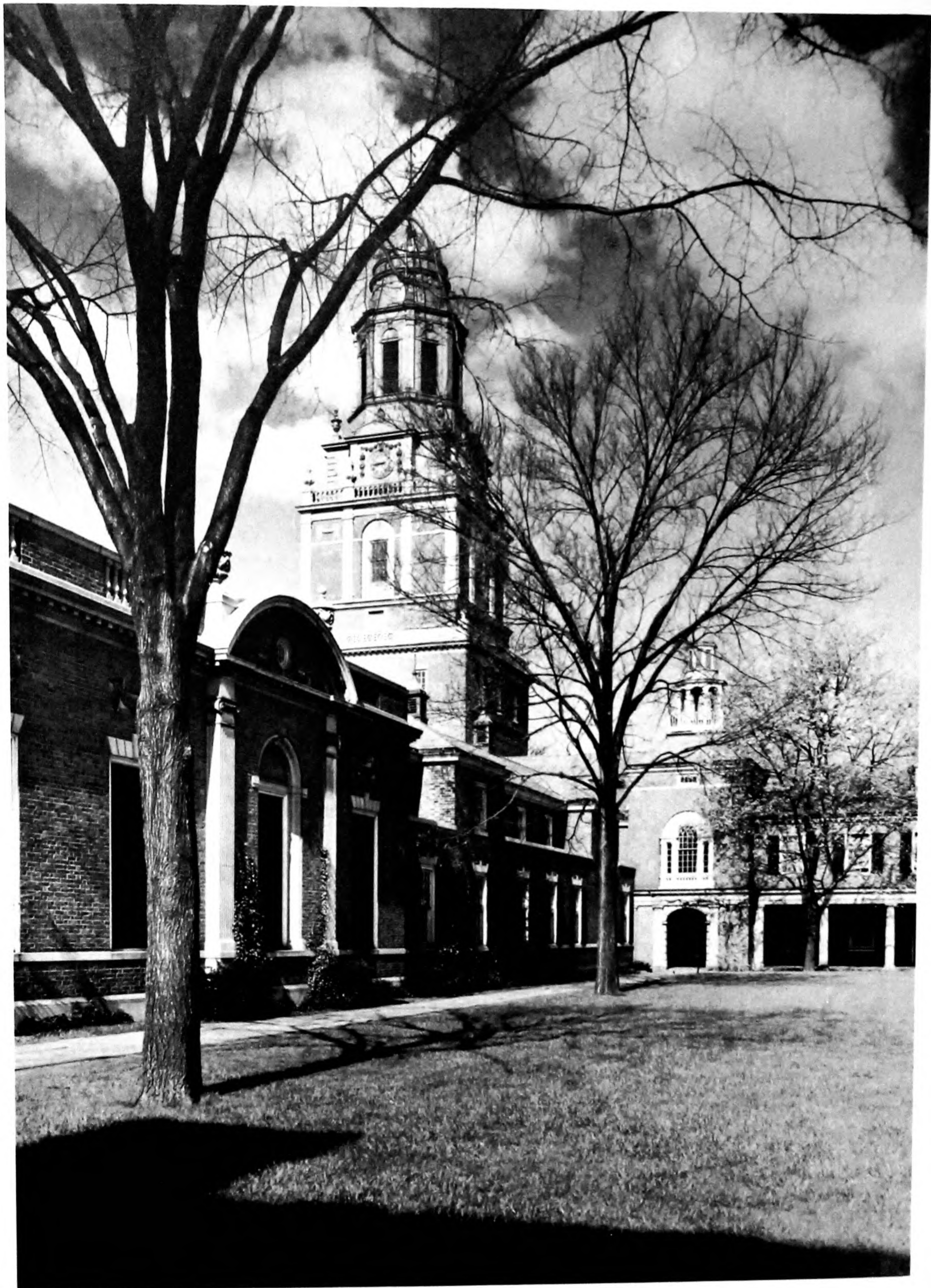
Wistaria on the walls of Calhoun.

Davenport College

Facing Saybrook and Branford, Davenport College wears an outer face of Tudor Gothic, to harmonize with its neighbors; but beyond the gateway its architecture is Georgian. The college is named for the Reverend John Davenport, one of the founders of New Haven.



The terrace above the upper court.



Pierson Tower from the court of Davenport College.



Upper court of Davenport, with Wrexham and Harkness Towers beyond.



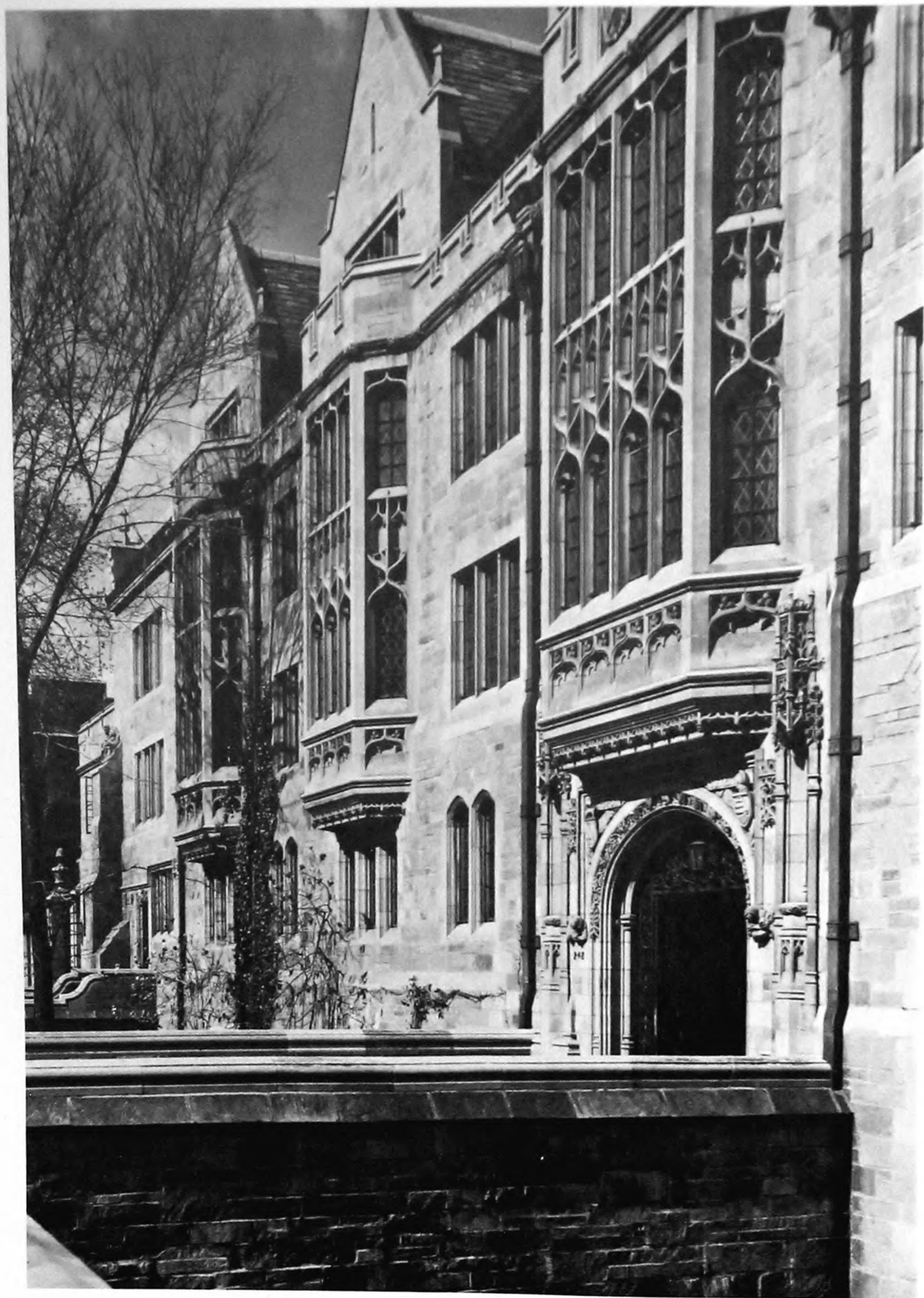
A corner of the court.



Junior Common Room, Davenport College.



Davenport College chapel.

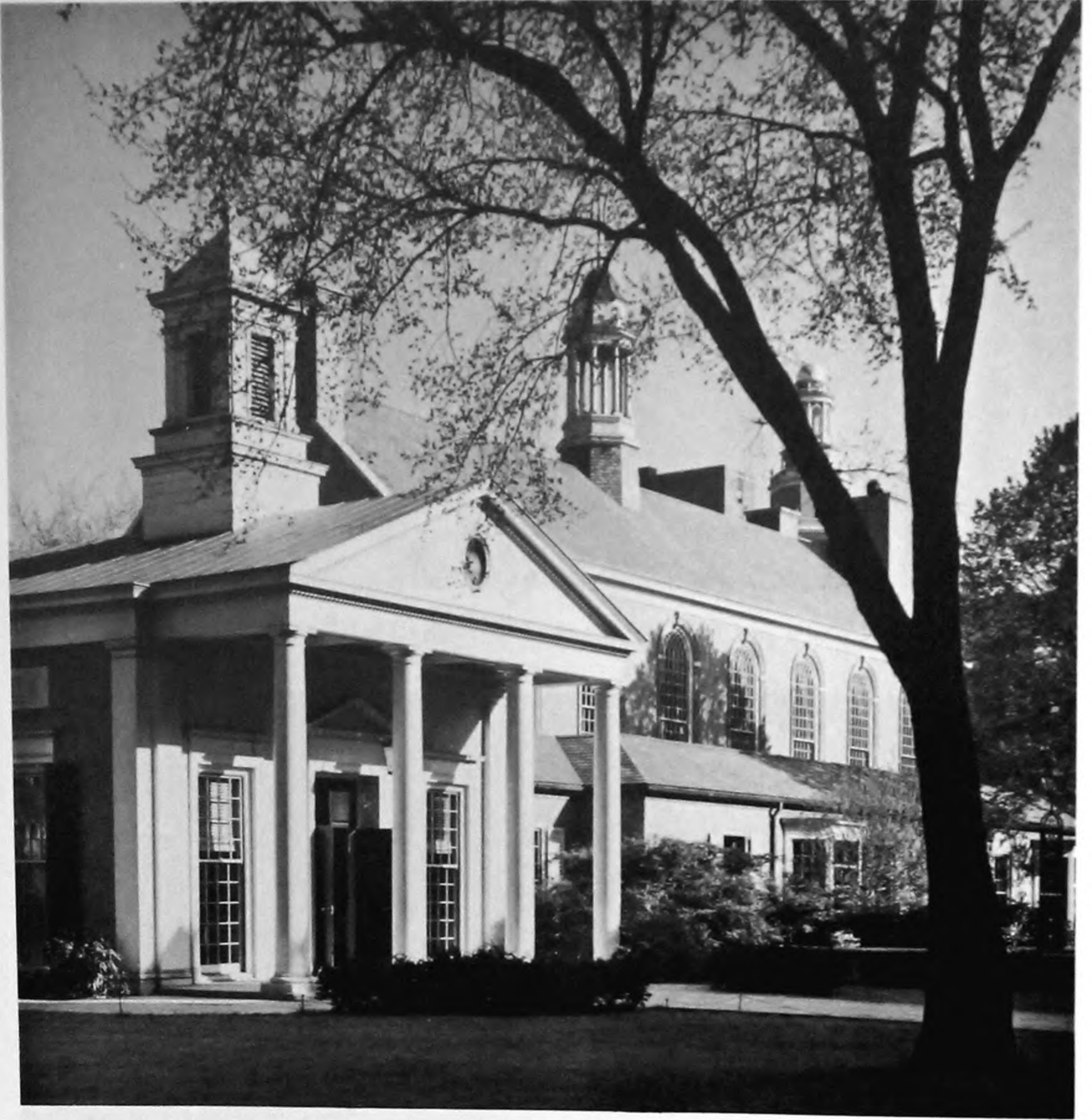


The Gothic façade of Davenport on York Street.



Looking southwest from the terrace, Davenport College.

Timothy Dwight College



Timothy Dwight, of the Class of 1769, was president of Yale from 1795 to 1817 and brought to the College, in the years after the Revolution, the luster of his repute as scholar and poet. His grandson, who bore the same name, was president from 1886 to 1899, guiding Yale as it grew to the stature of a great university. With good reason, the members of Timothy Dwight College call themselves the Prexies.



Looking north in the court of Timothy Dwight College.

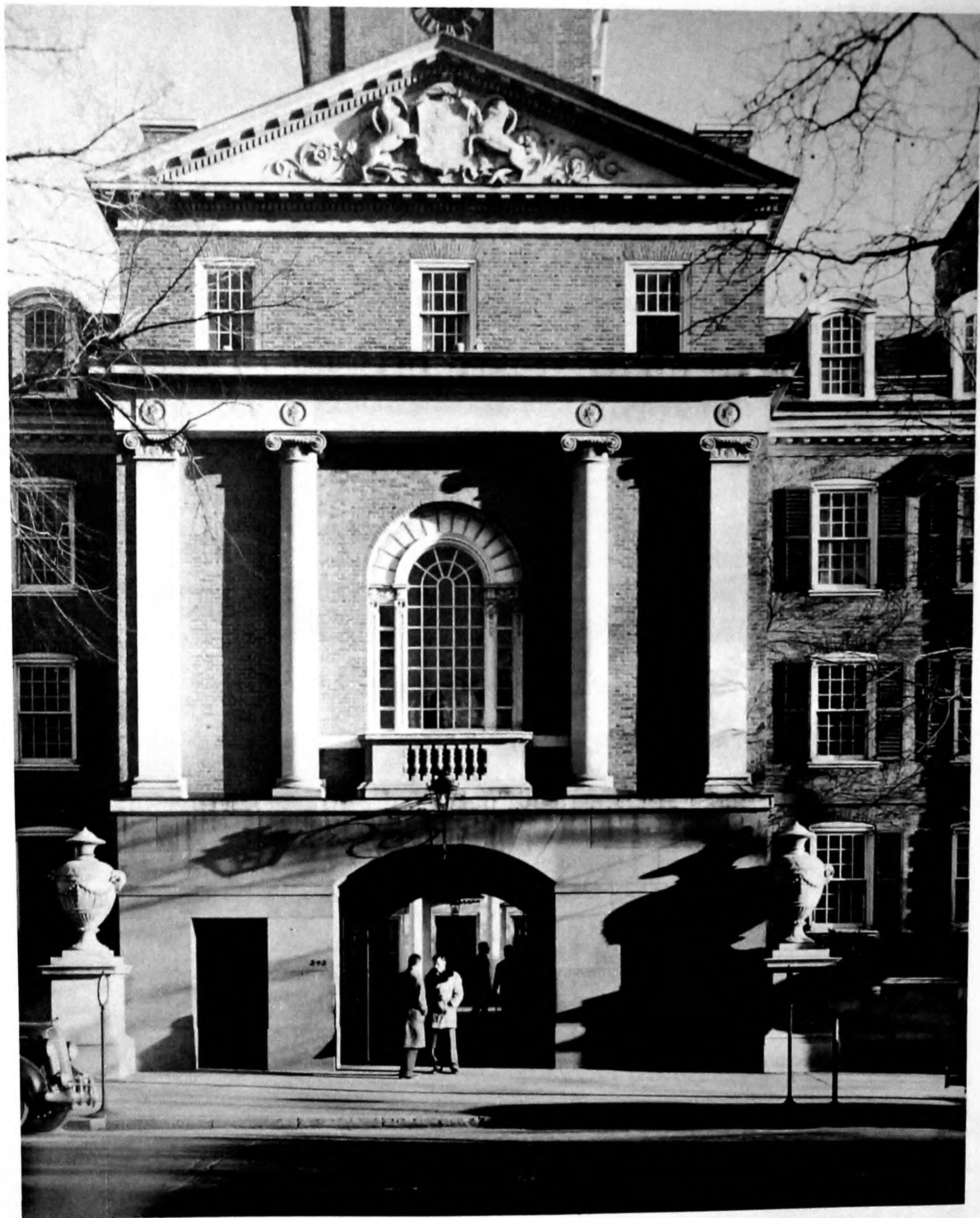


Magnolia in bloom in a corner of the court.



Winter in the court.





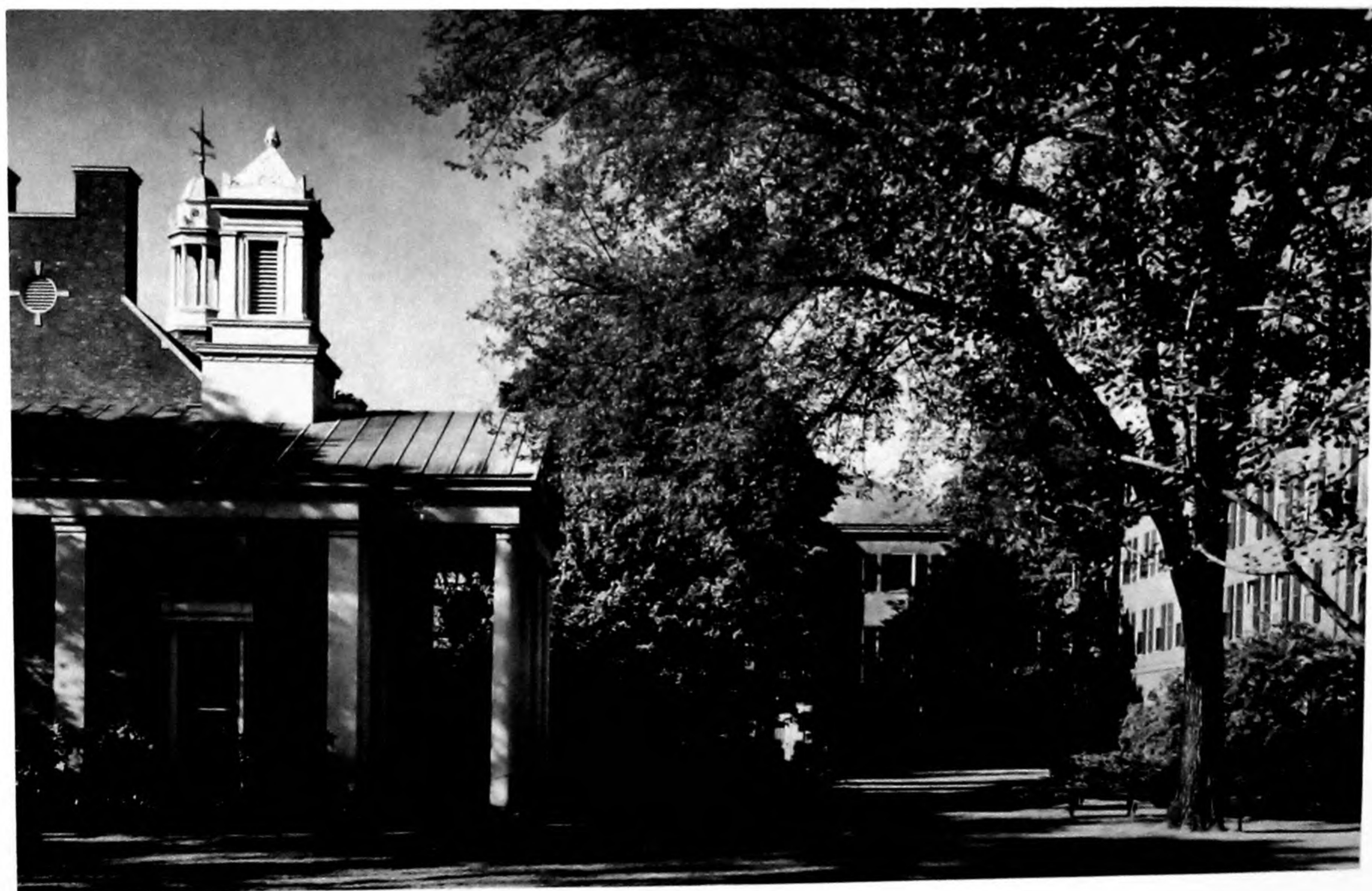
The main gate of Timothy Dwight College faces the rear gate of Silliman, across Temple Street, not far from the site of the house in which Noah Webster completed his dictionary.



The "Town Hall" in Timothy Dwight houses the college library.



Ironwork before one of the dormitory entries.

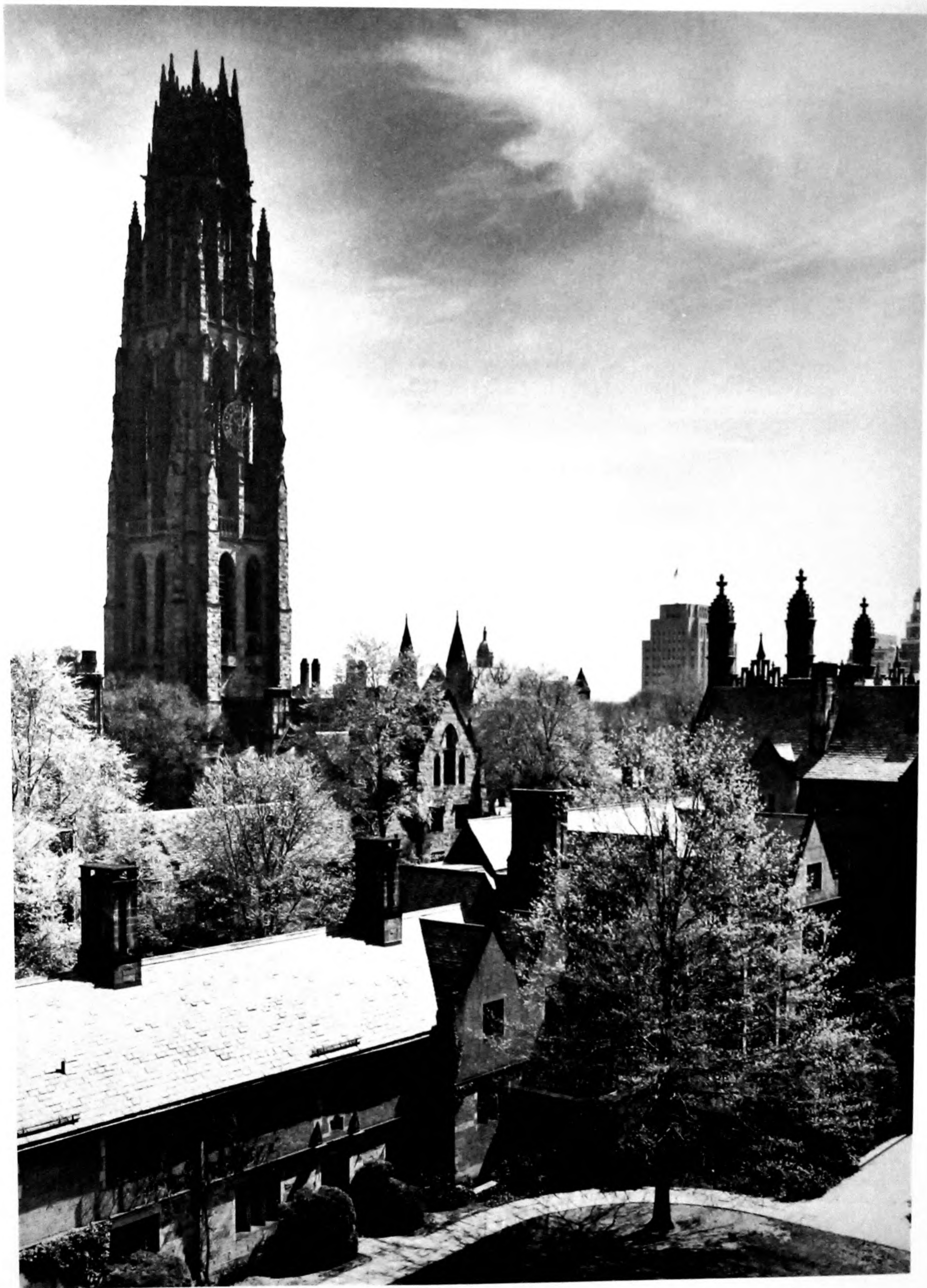


The advance of spring in the court of Timothy Dwight.

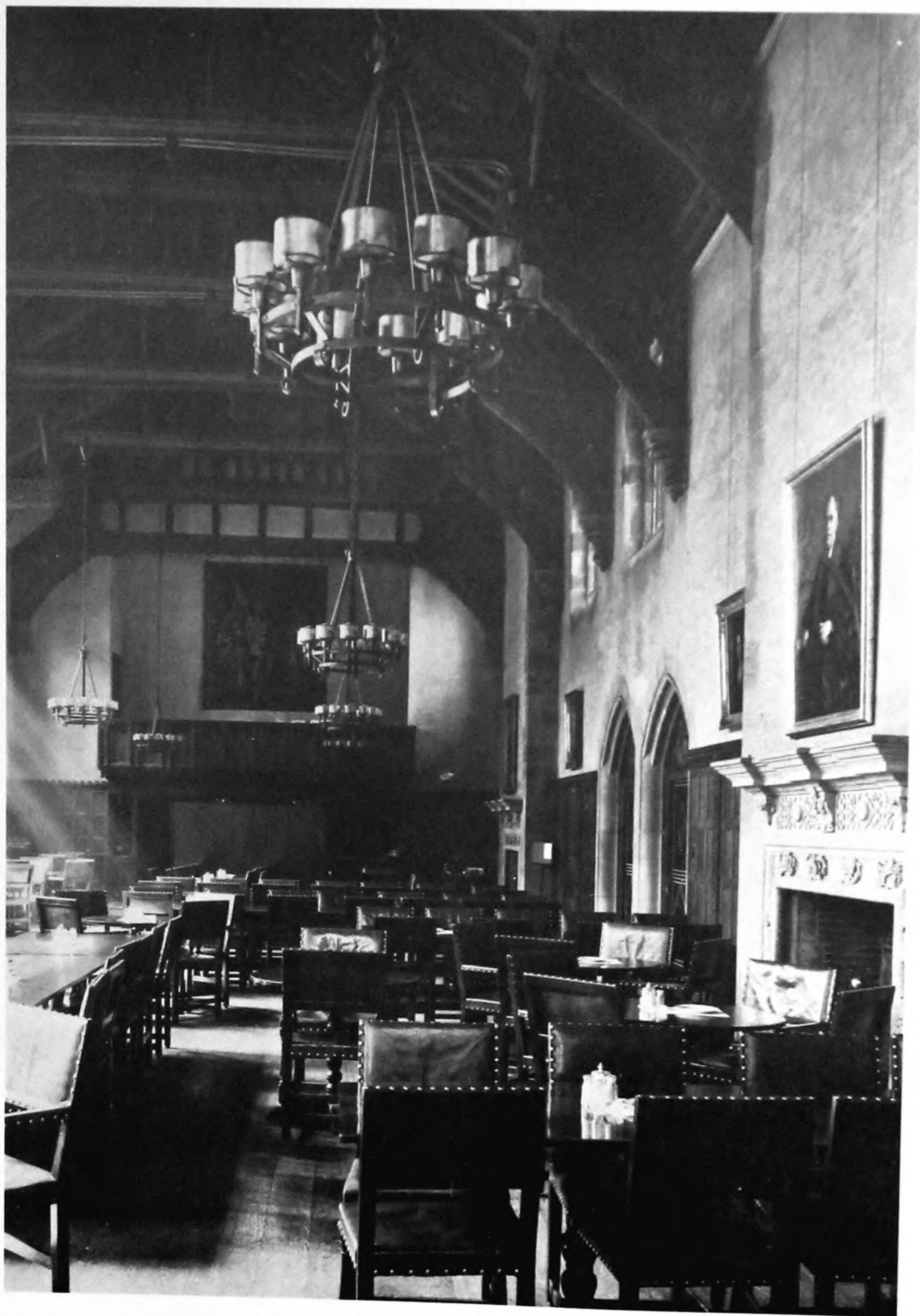
Jonathan Edwards College



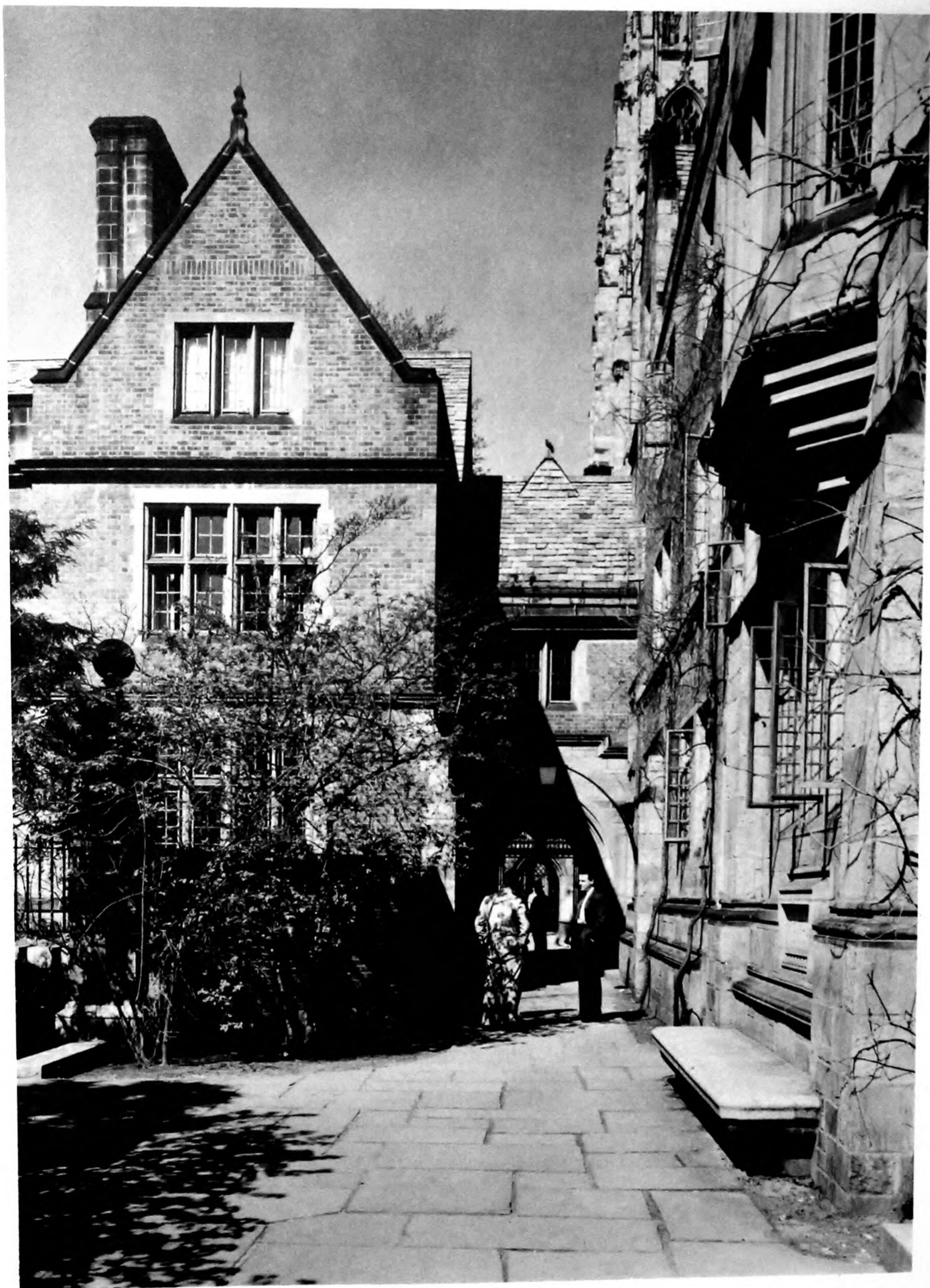
The fame of Jonathan Edwards, who graduated from Yale in the Class of 1720 at the age of seventeen, grows with the passing years, and he is now recognized as one of the foremost metaphysicians of his century. But when dogwood blooms in the court, undergraduates and their Derby Day guests do not allow their spirits to be shadowed by the austerity of the great thinker whose name their college bears.



Harkness Tower beyond the northern buildings of Jonathan Edwards.



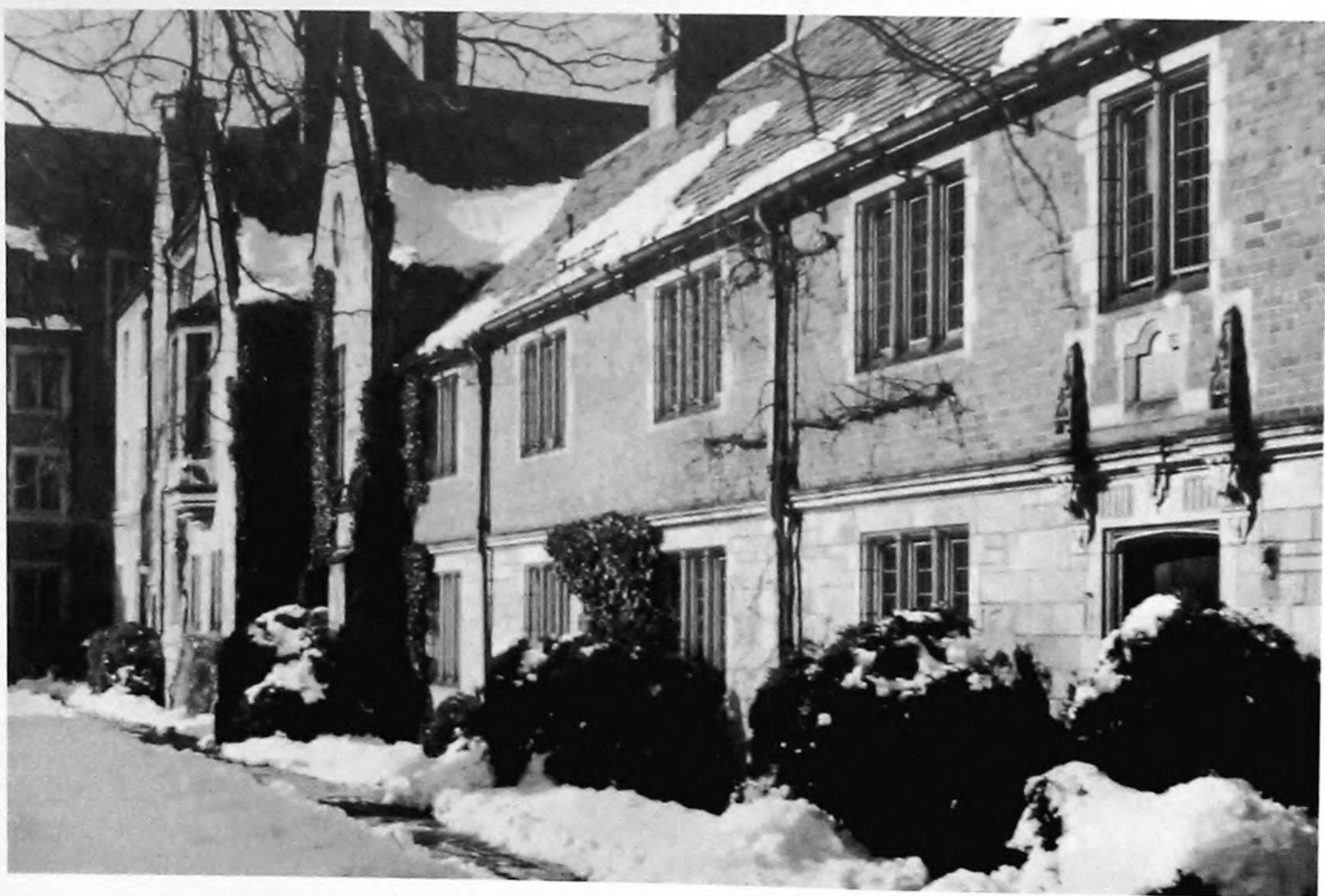
The Hall, Jonathan Edwards College.



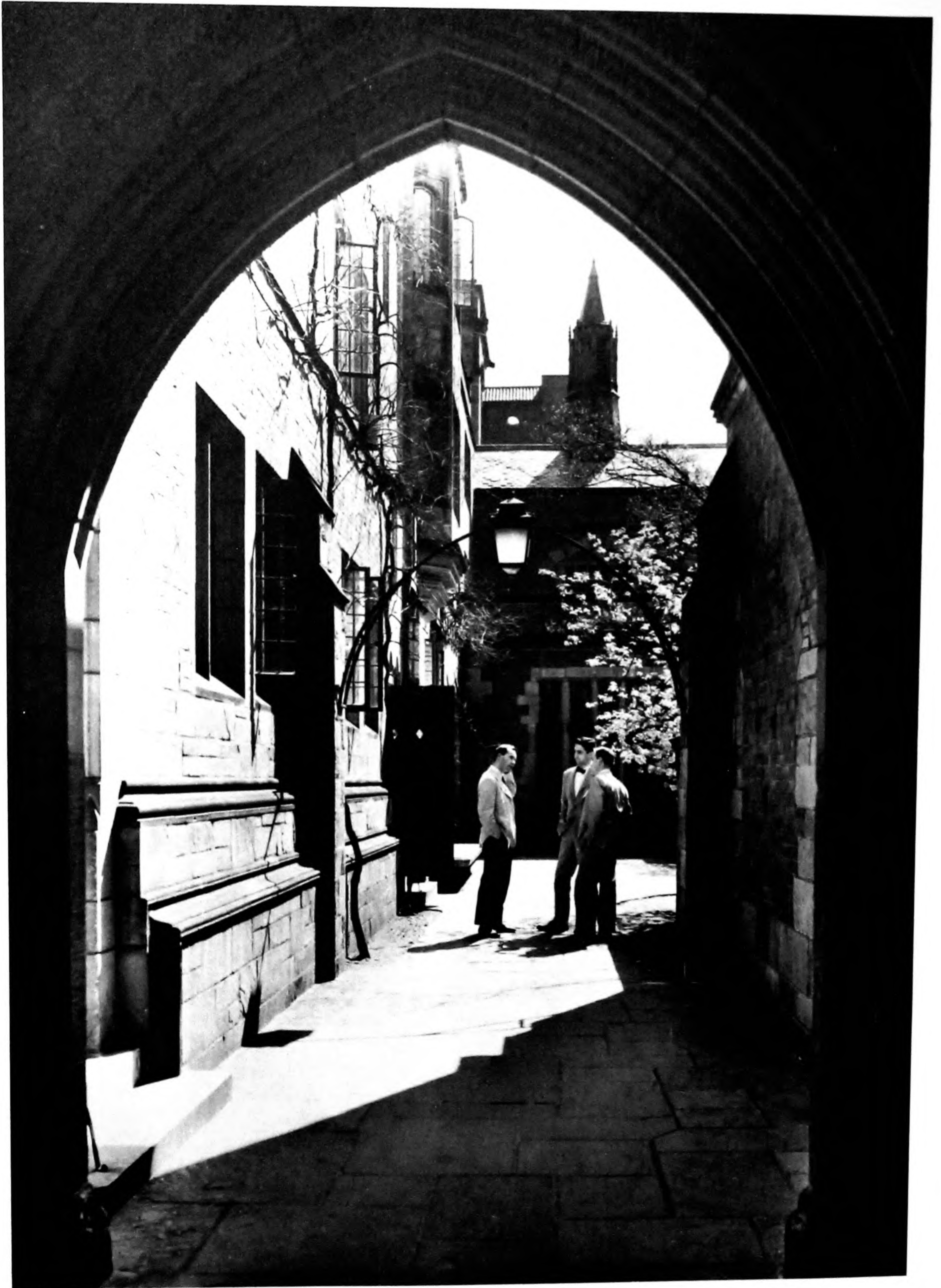
The Master's house, gateway, and Kent Hall, Jonathan Edwards College.



Elihu Yale's sundial in the main court of Jonathan Edwards.

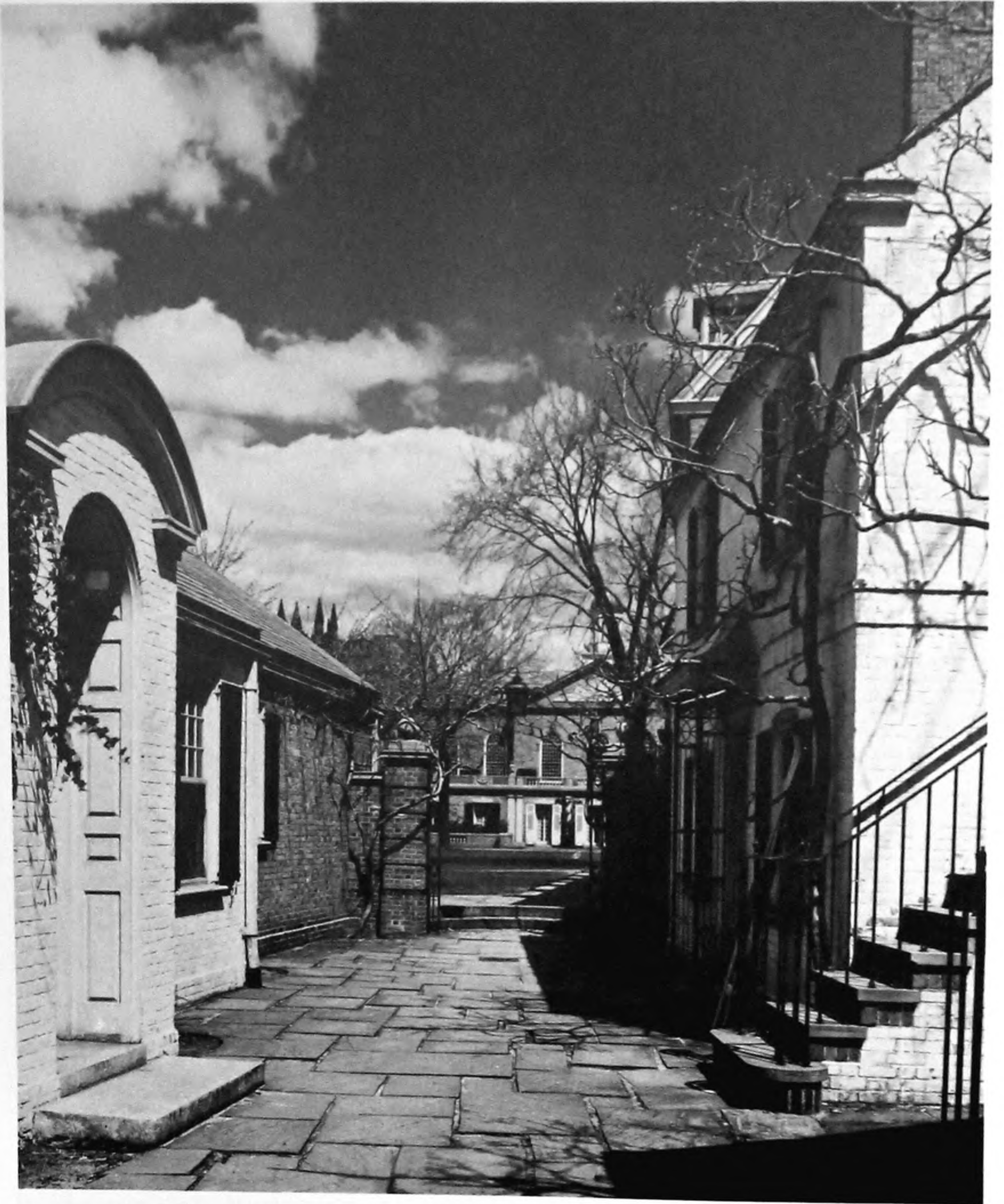


Northern buildings of the court under a winter sun.

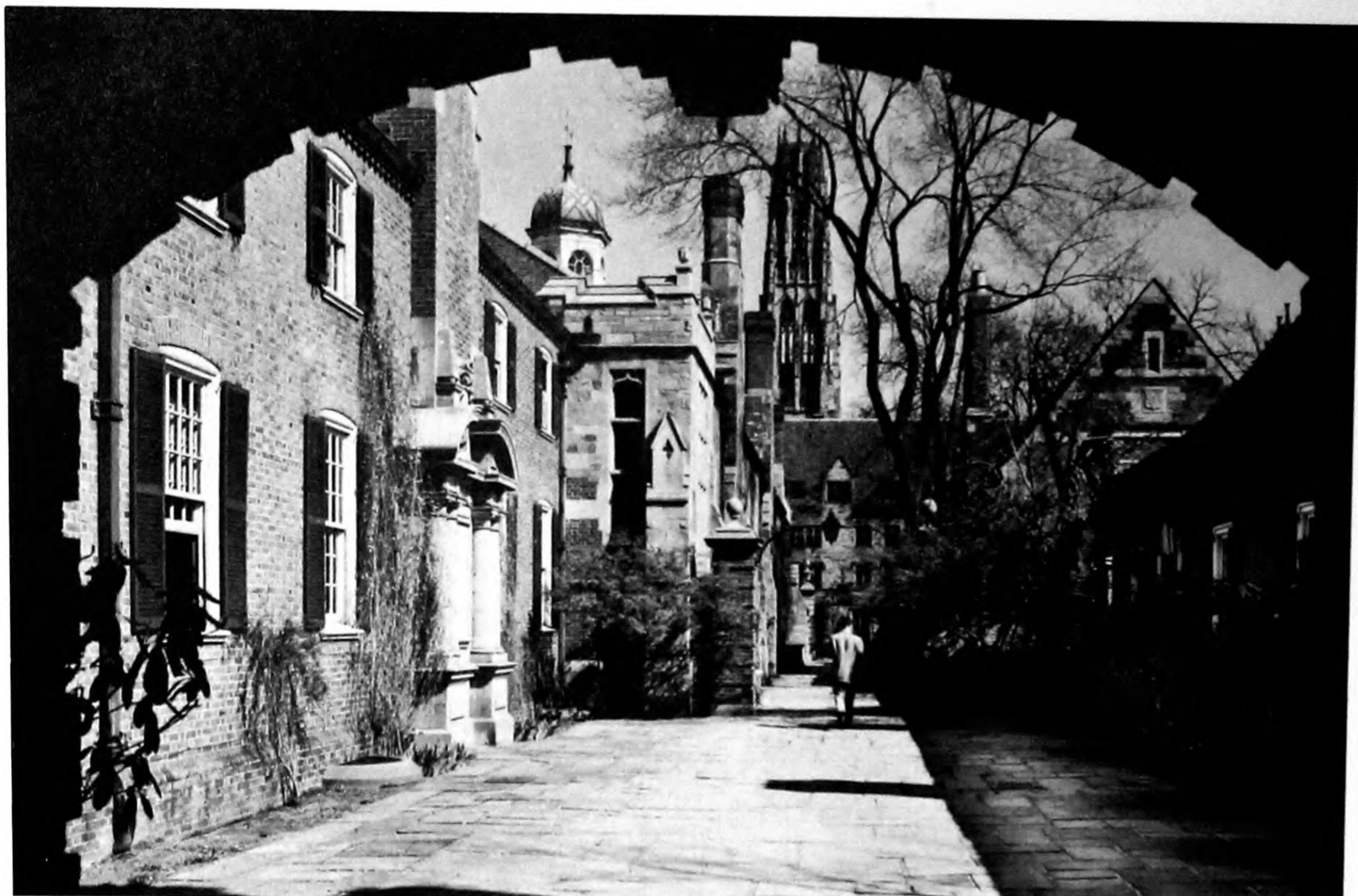


Within the High Street gate, Jonathan Edwards College.

Pierson College



Pierson College is named for a graduate of Harvard in the Class of 1668, the Reverend Abraham Pierson, chosen to direct the destinies of the collegiate school shortly after its founding in 1701. He wore the title of rector, but he is known in the annals of the University as first president of Yale. From 1702 until his death in 1707 the students of the school received their instruction at his hands in his parsonage at Killingworth.



Outer court, Pierson College.



Northwest corner of the Main Court.



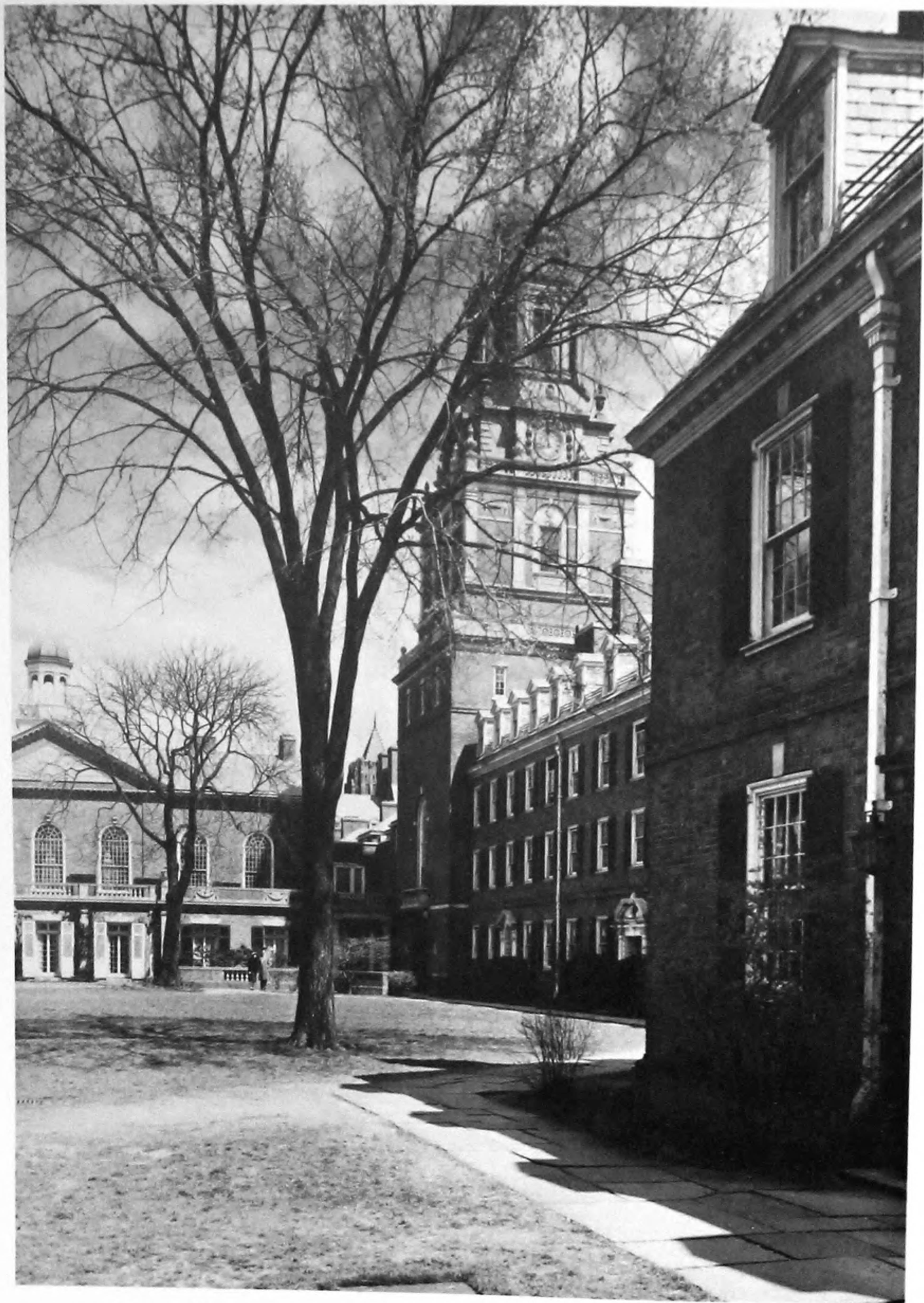
The approach to Pierson College from York Street.



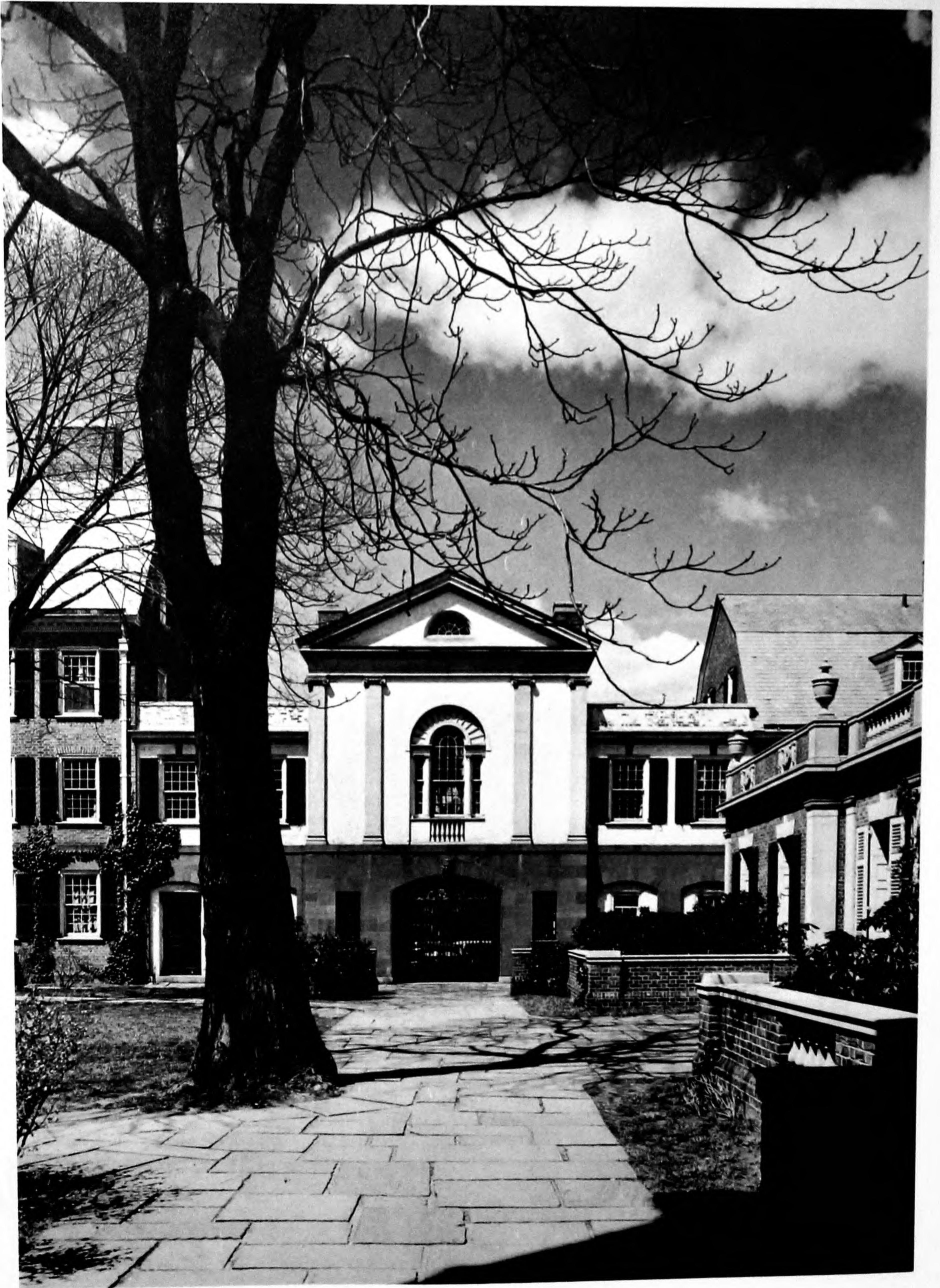
Main court of Pierson College, looking south.



Pierson men call this inner court of the college the Slave Quarters.

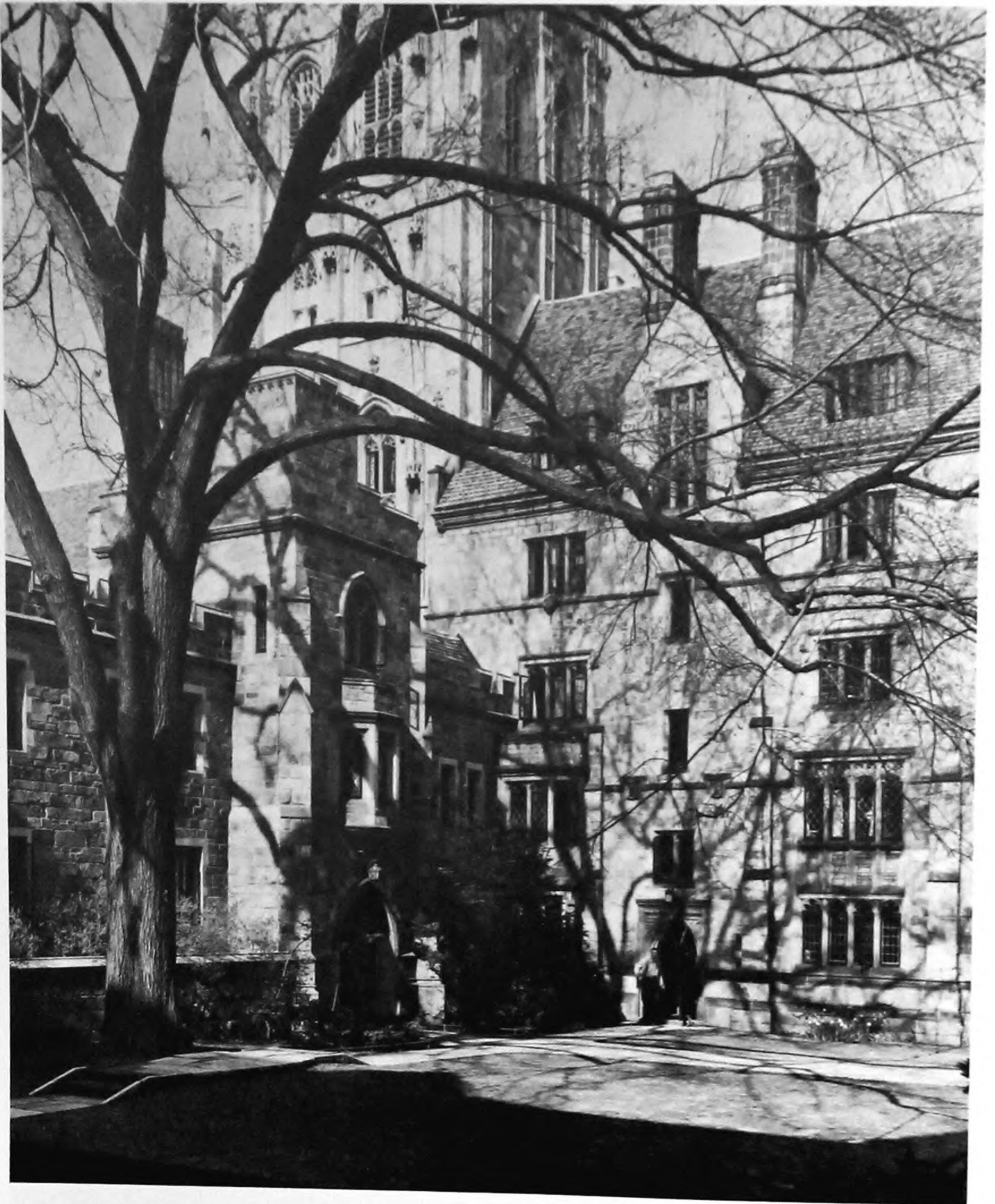


Pierson Tower to the right of the Common Room and Dining Hall.

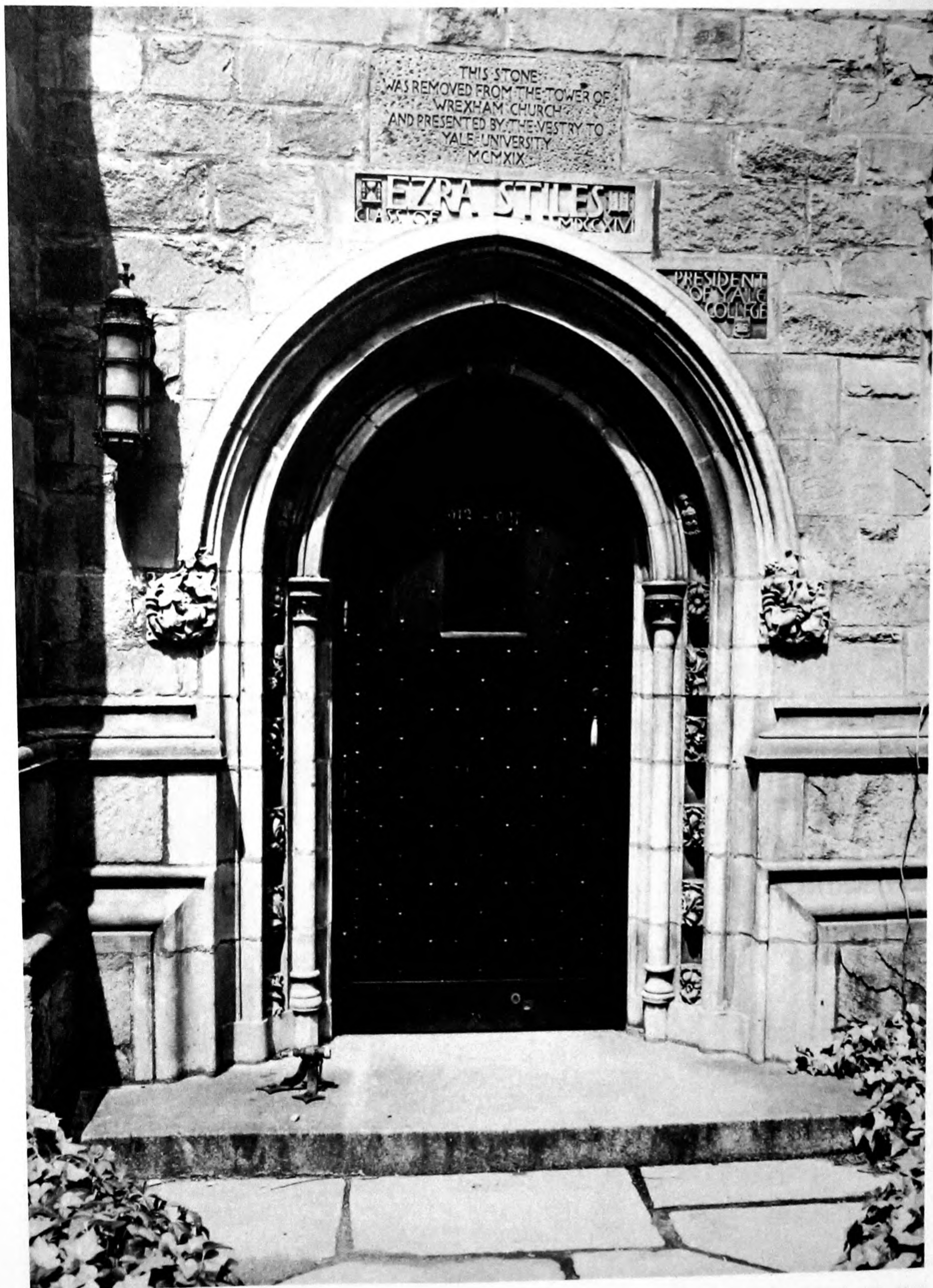


Palladian window above the Park Street gate, Pierson College.

Saybrook College



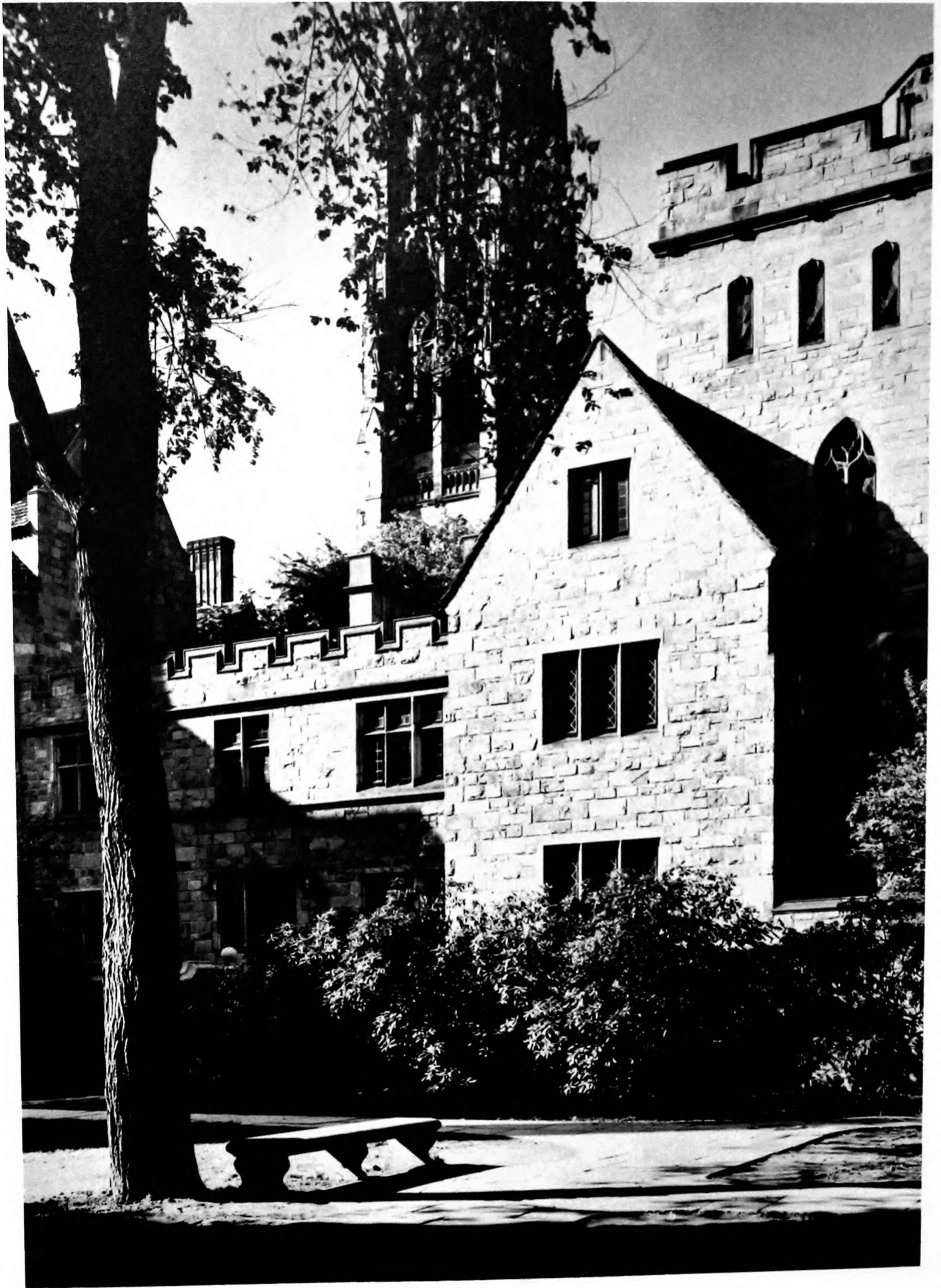
Saybrook College shares with Branford the buildings of the Memorial Quadrangle. Its two courts are named for the Connecticut towns in which the first graduates spent their student days. Moving from Killingworth, upon the death of Rector Pierson, the collegiate school remained at Saybrook until it was settled in New Haven.



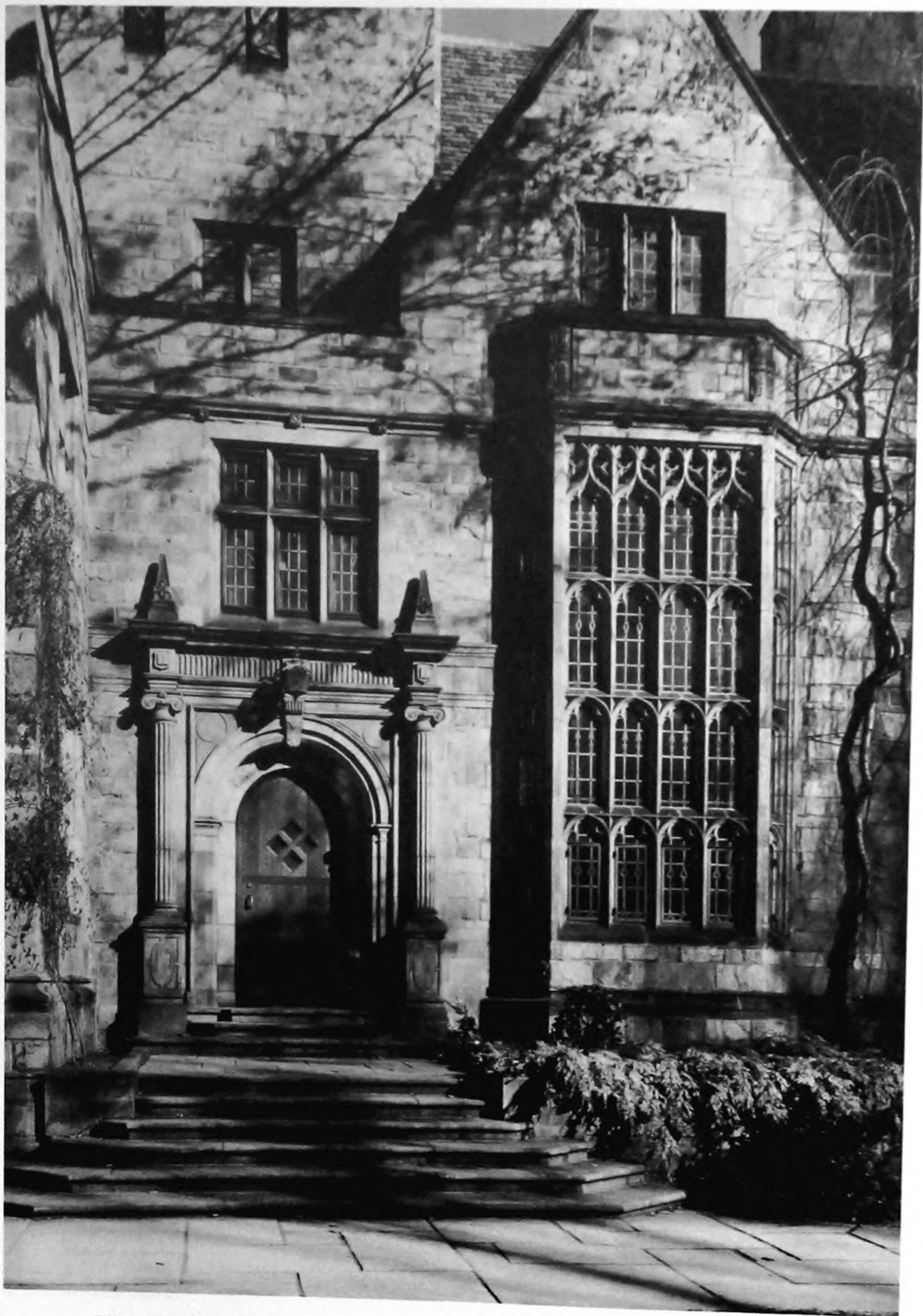
Stiles entry, Saybrook College, named for Yale's seventh president.



In Saybrook Court.



A glimpse of Harkness Tower from Saybrook Court.



The windows of the Saybrook Dining Hall look into Branford Court.

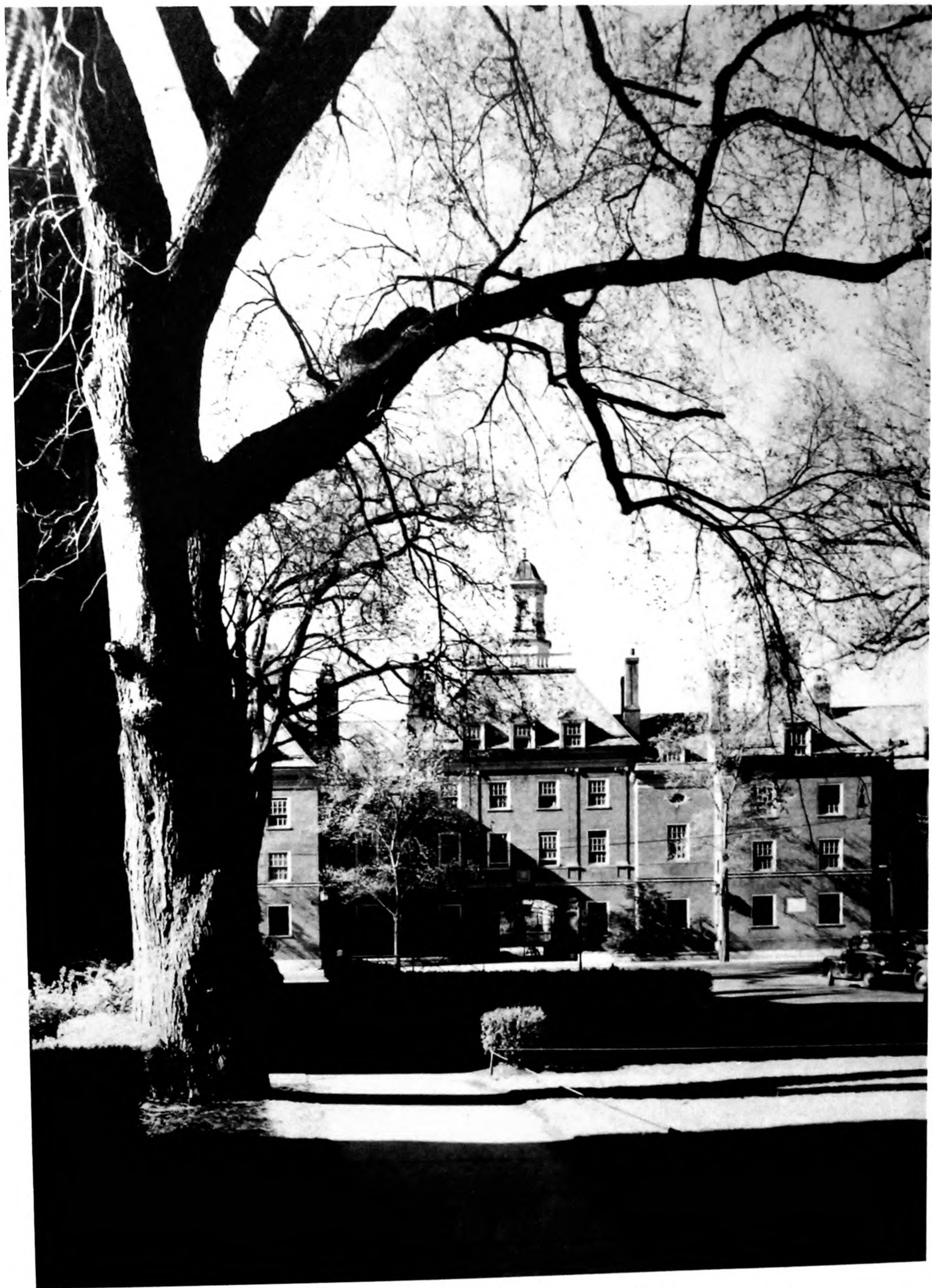


Dining Hall, Saybrook College.

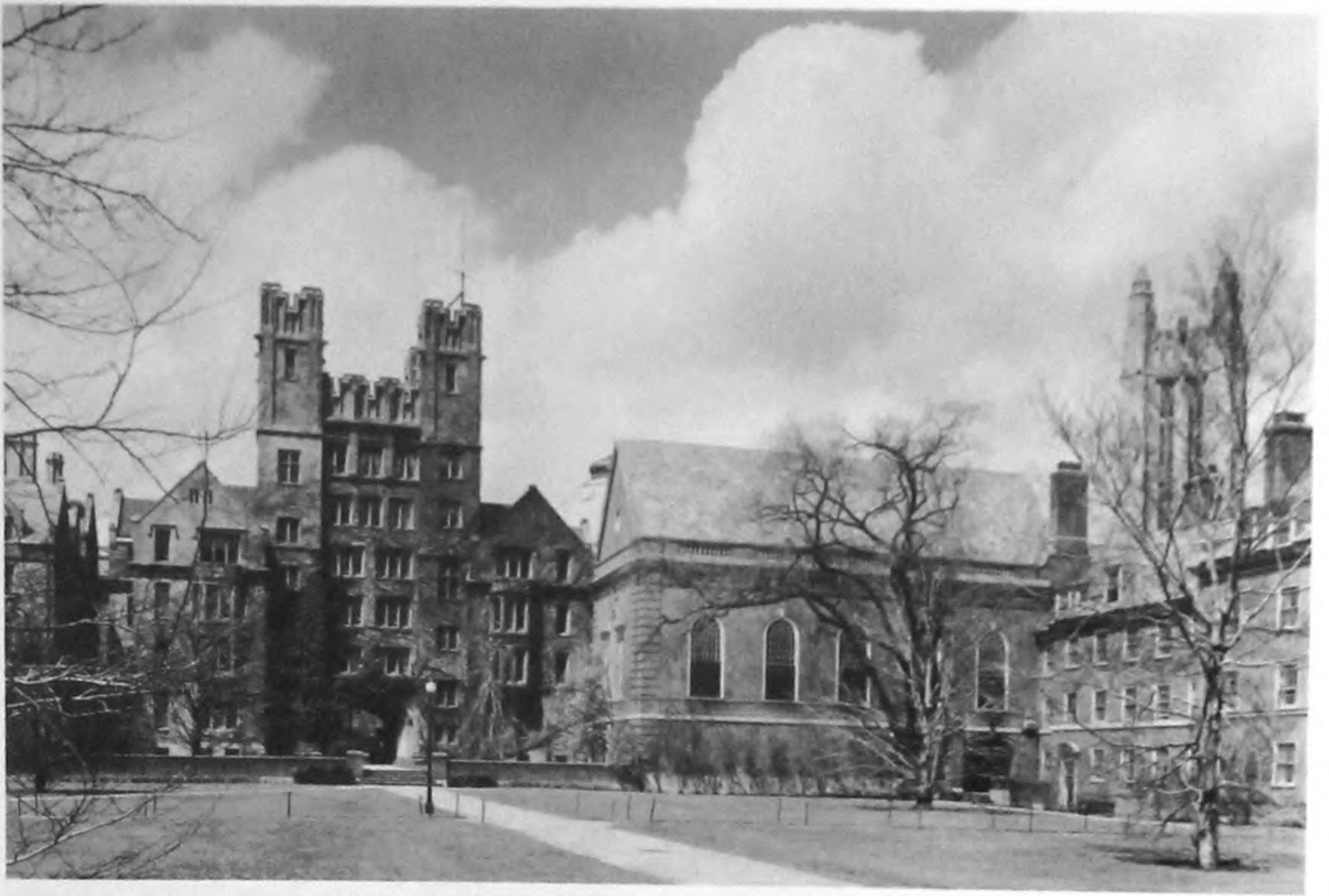
Silliman College

In 1802 Benjamin Silliman, aged twenty-three, was appointed professor of chemistry and natural history by President Dwight. The college named to honor this brilliant pioneer in scientific education in America was completed in 1940 by bequest of Frederick William Vanderbilt.





Grove Street gate, Silliman College, from Hillhouse Avenue.



The court of Silliman College, looking west.



Early spring in the court.



The Hall, Silliman College.



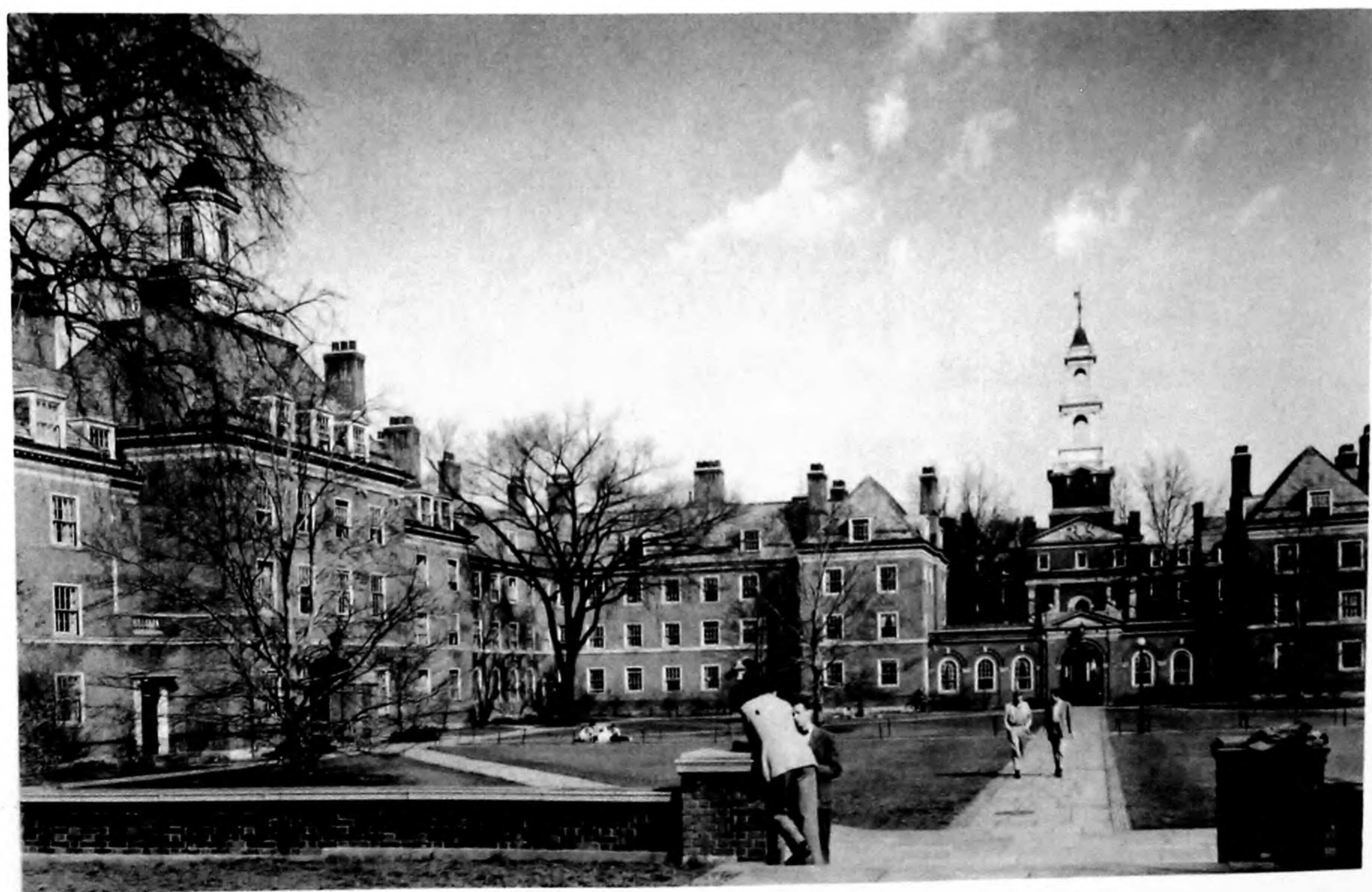
Court of Silliman, looking toward one of its two Vanderbilt Halls.



The Master's house from the court.

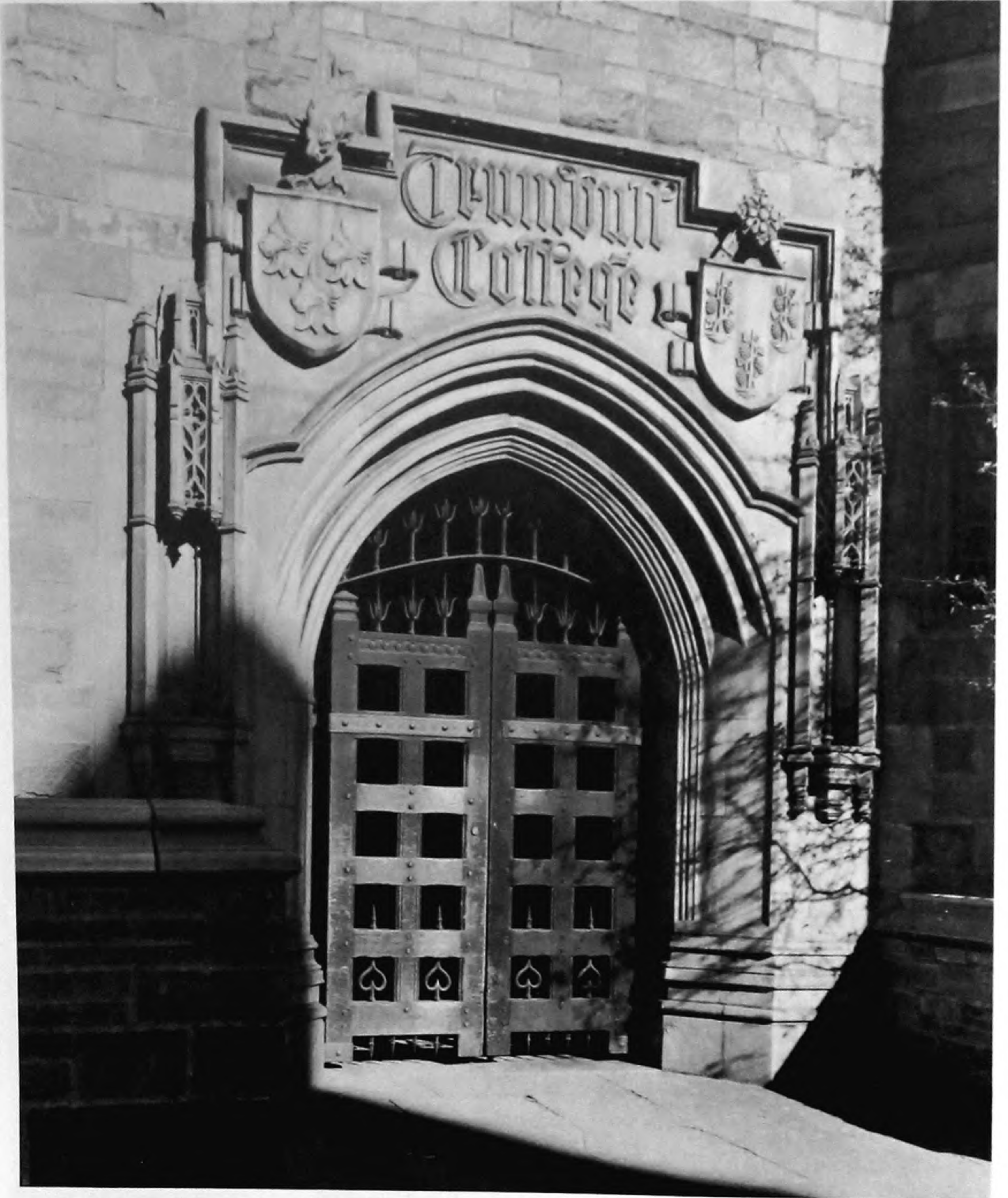


Clock tower of Timothy Dwight beyond the east gate of Silliman.

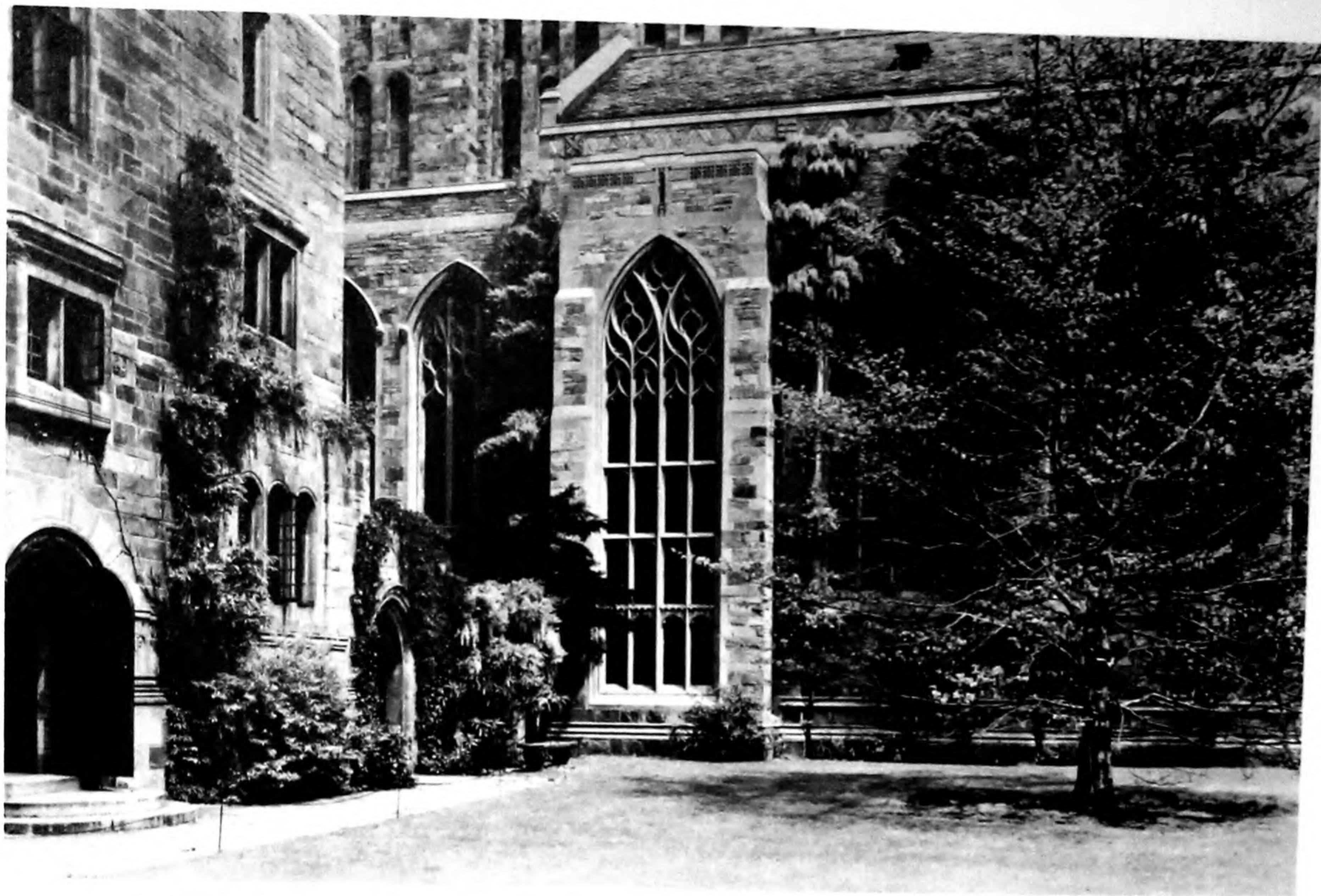


Looking east in Silliman Court.

Trumbull College



Jonathan Trumbull, whom Washington called "brother Jonathan," valuing alike his friendship and his wisdom, was governor of Connecticut during the Revolutionary War. The college named in his honor stands directly to the south of the Sterling Memorial Library and, like the Library, was built with funds provided by the trustees of the estate of John W. Sterling, of the Class of 1864.



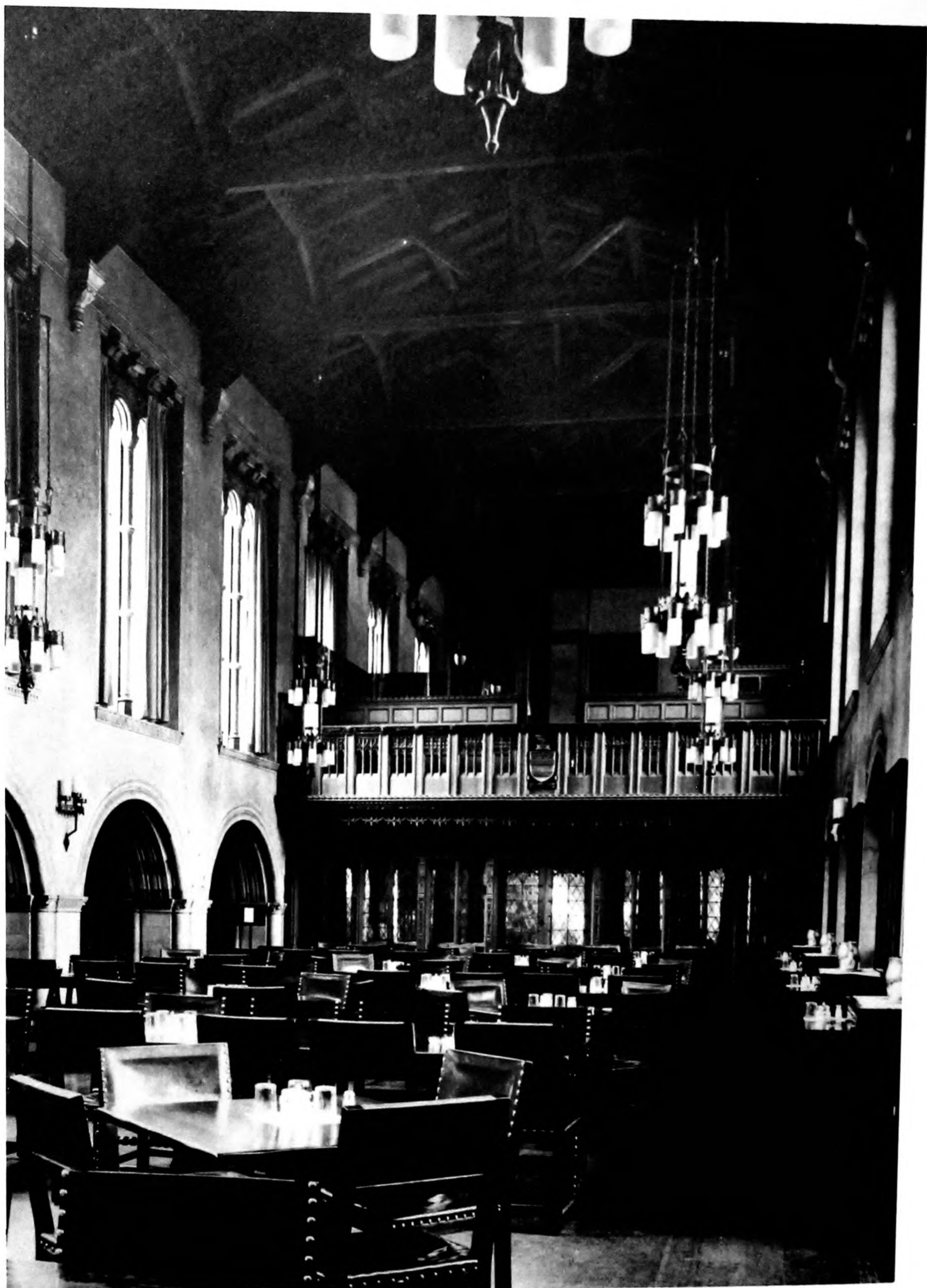
Main court of Trumbull College looking toward Sterling Library.



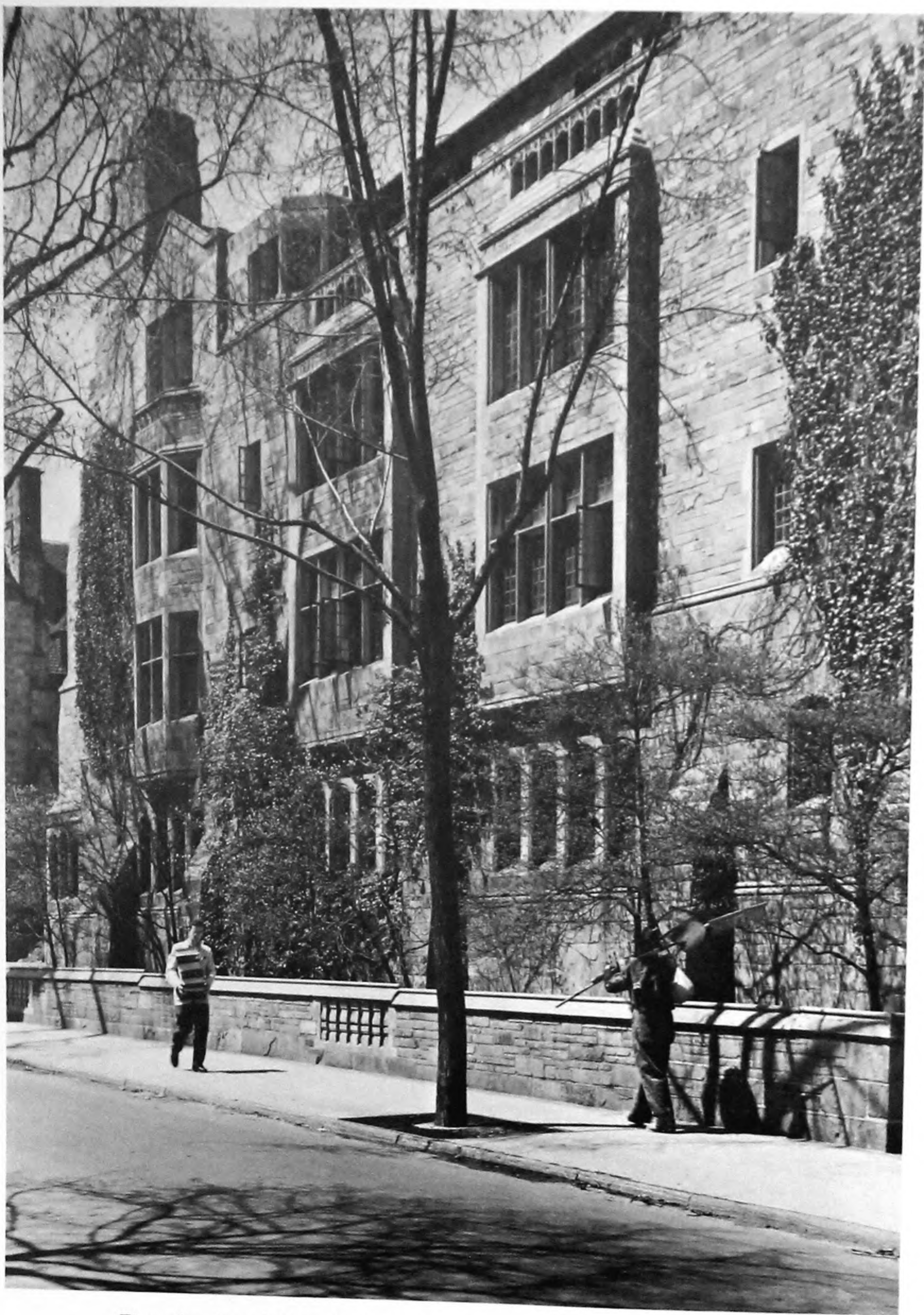
Harkness Tower above the Trumbull Dining Hall.



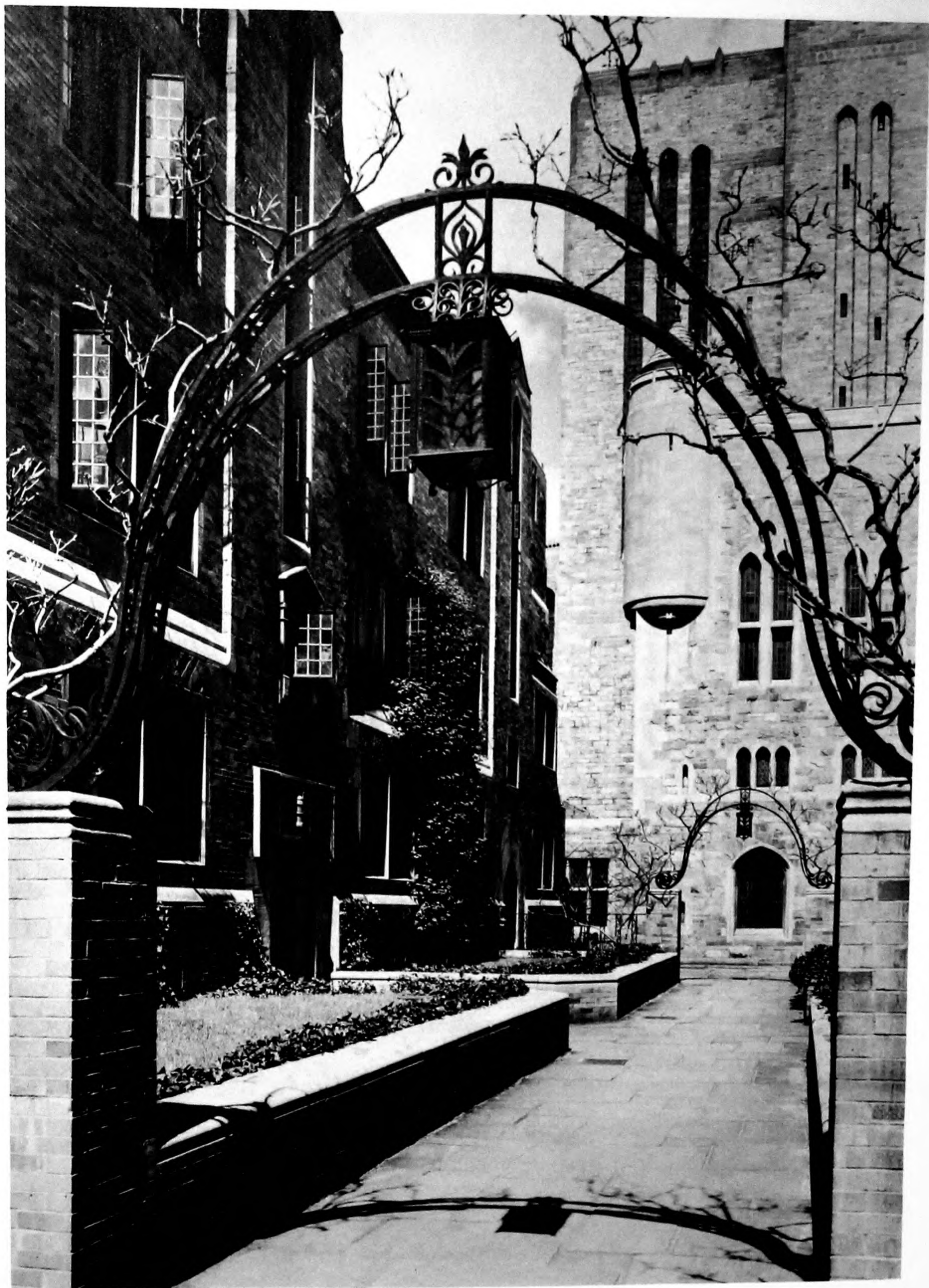
In the west court.



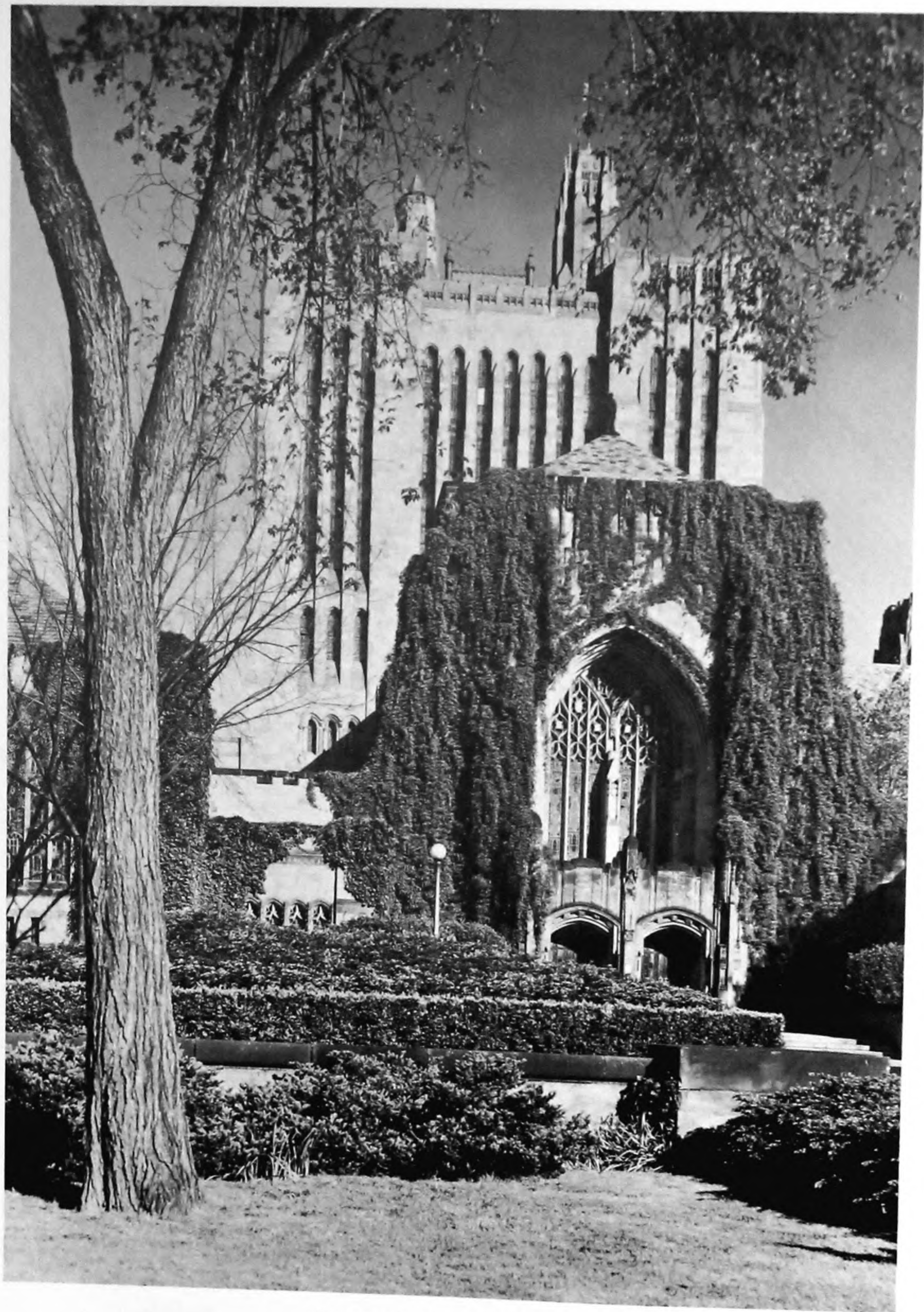
Dining Hall, Trumbull College.



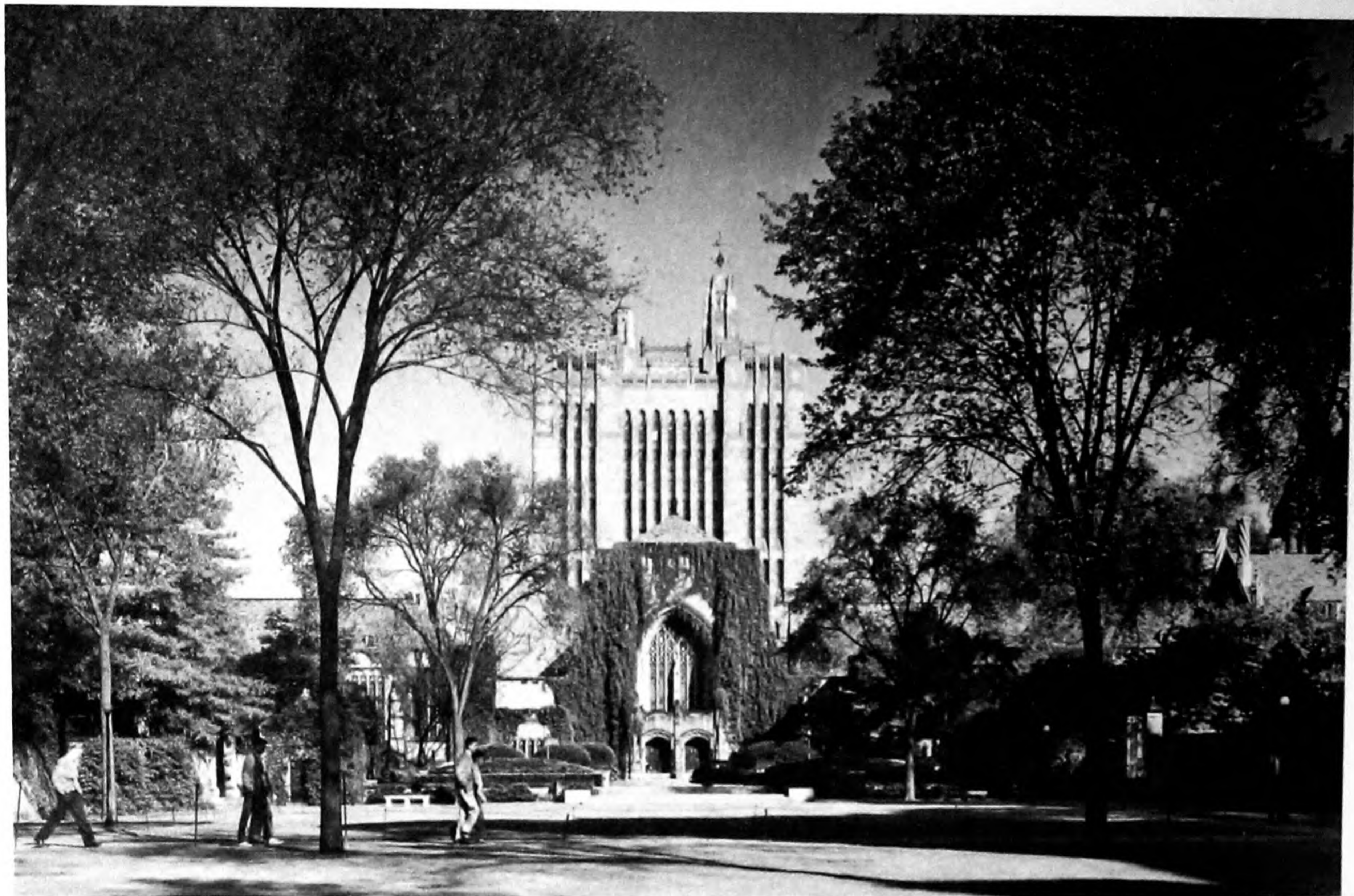
Dormitories of Trumbull at the corner of High and Elm Streets.



Stack tower of the Sterling Library from the court of Trumbull.



Sterling Memorial Library.



The Library from the cross-campus.



The court, Sterling Library.



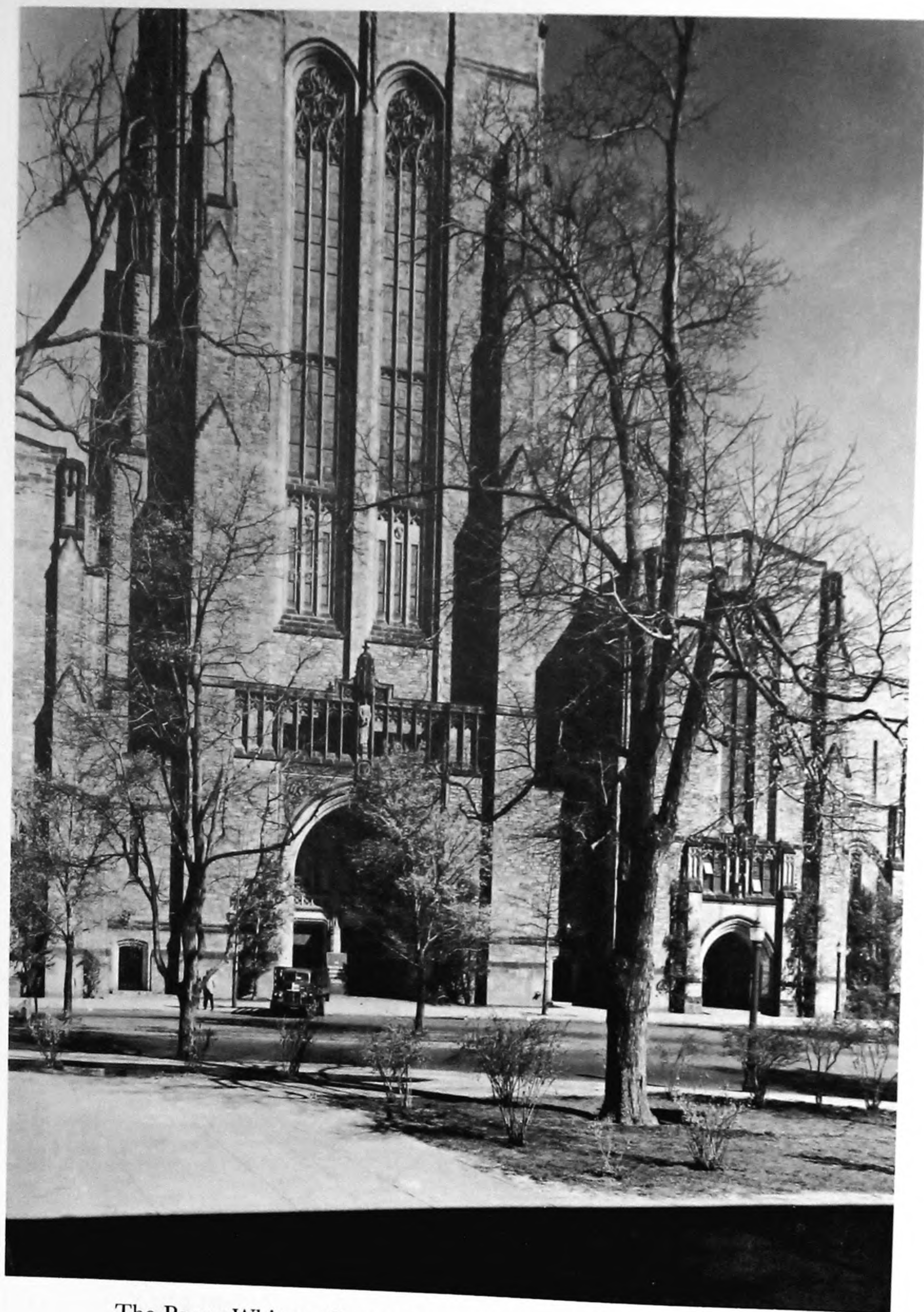
Main reading room.



“Yale Library of 1742,” ancestral shrine within the modern building.



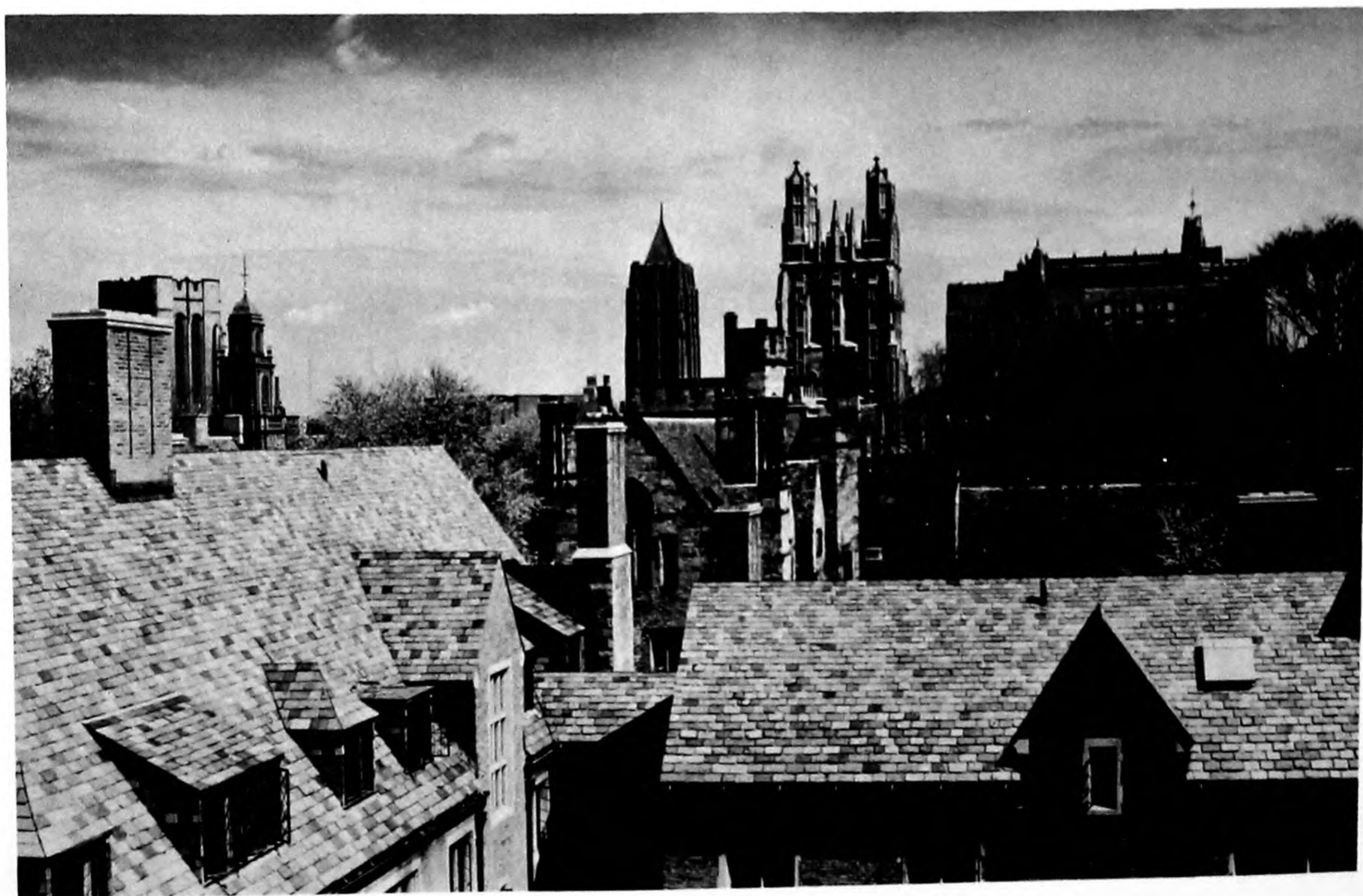
“Linonia and Brothers,” the undergraduate domain in Sterling Library.



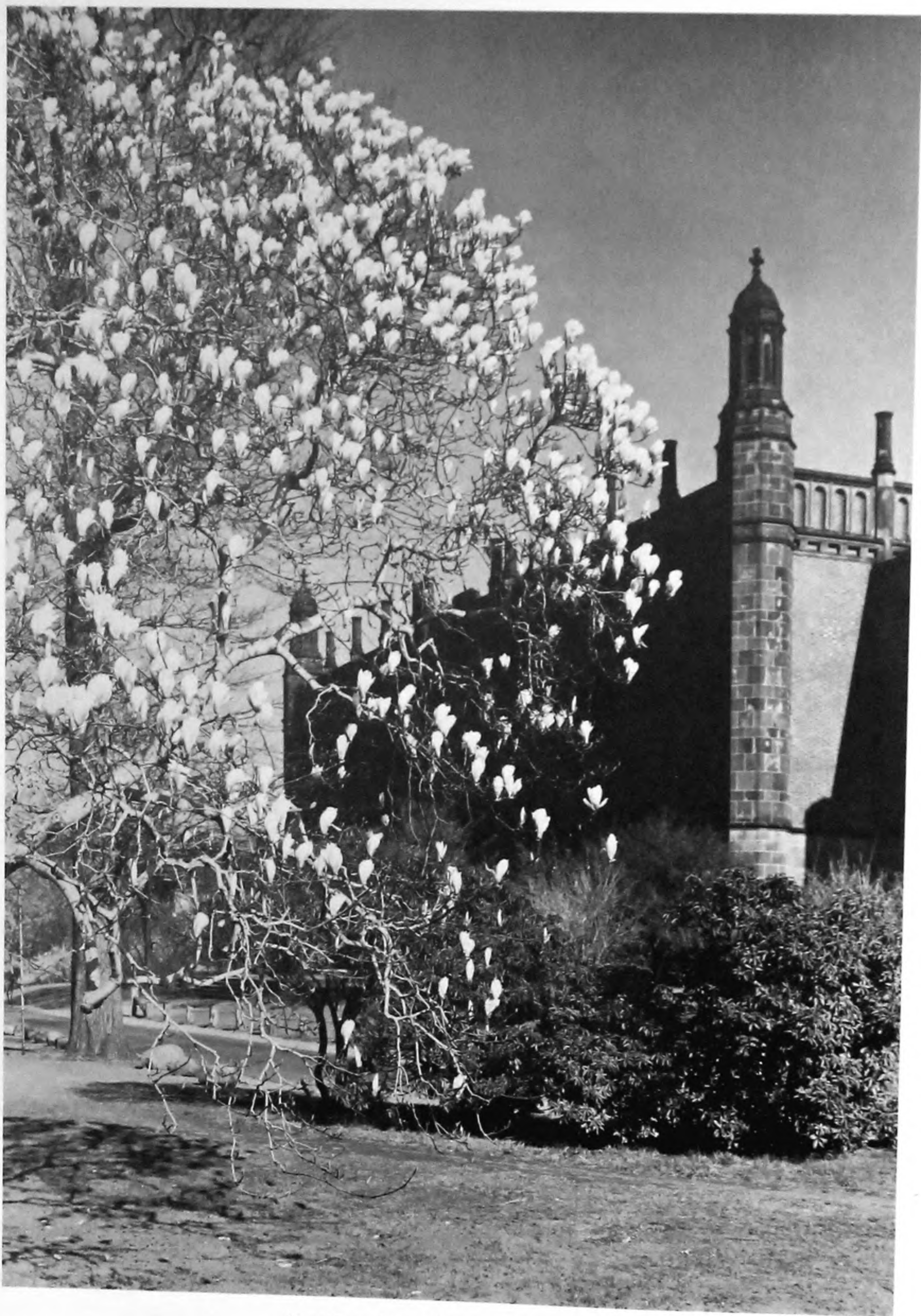
The Payne Whitney Gymnasium at the head of Tower Parkway.



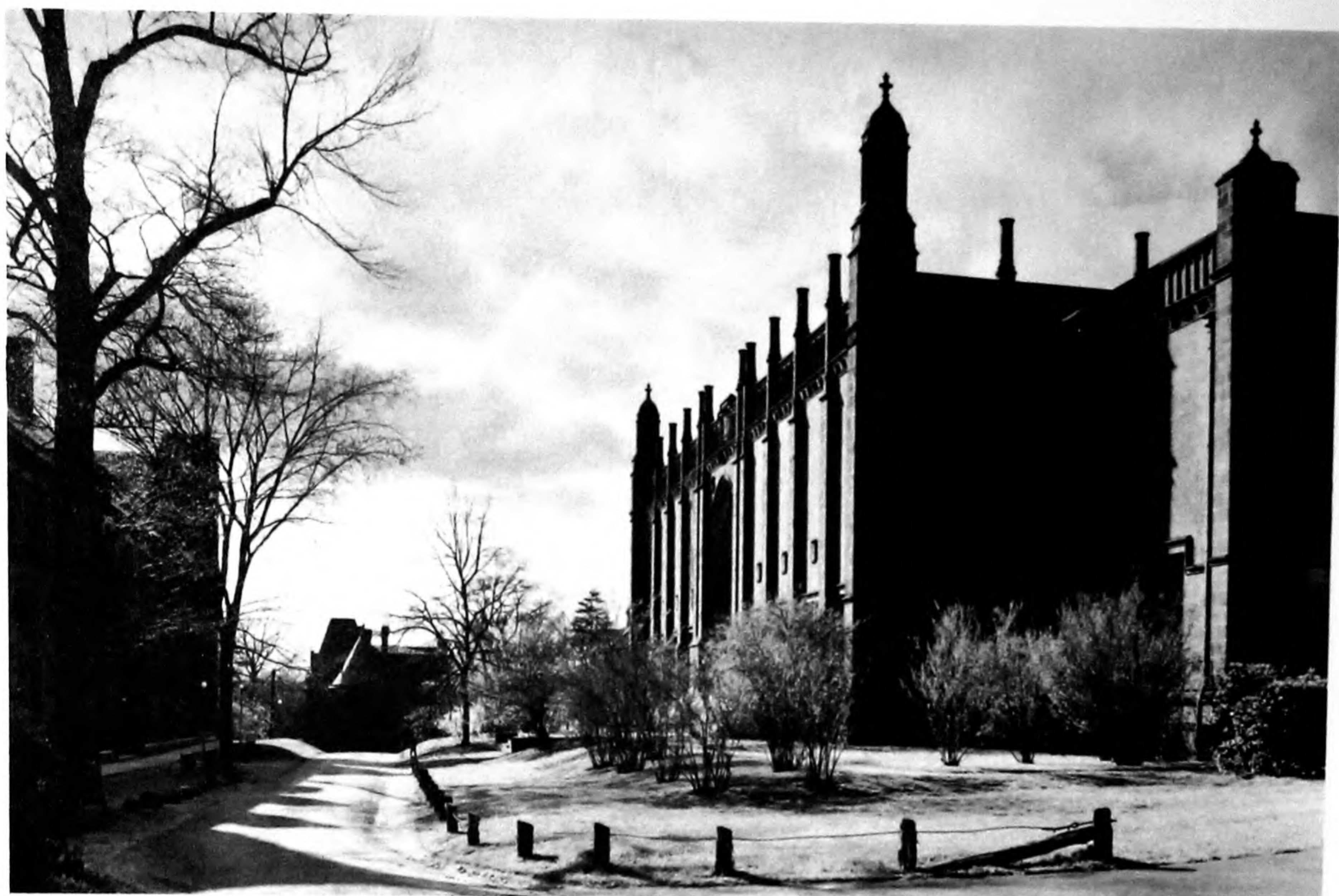
The Gym.



Roofs and towers from the Gymnasium eastward to the Library.



Sterling Chemistry Laboratory.



The Chemistry Laboratory in winter.



Osborn Memorial Laboratory of Zoology.



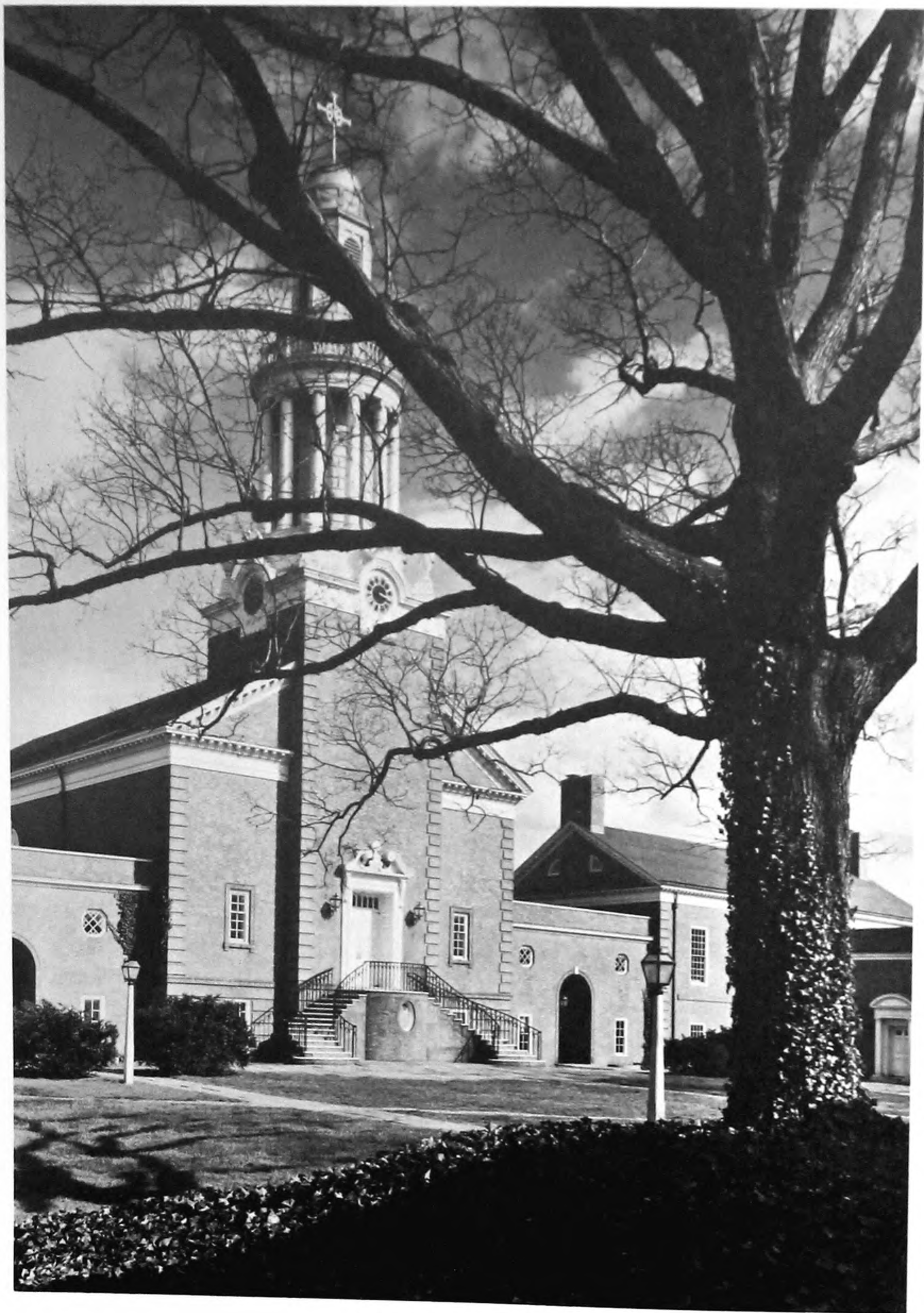
BY ACT OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF CONNECTICUT, Yale College became Yale University in 1887. Long before that date graduate and professional schools had begun to add luster to the name of Yale. Though the "Medical Institution" (1810) is the eldest of these schools, close affiliation with the church gave theology a place of importance in the College Yard from the earliest years, and the first building of the Divinity School stood in the Old Brick Row.



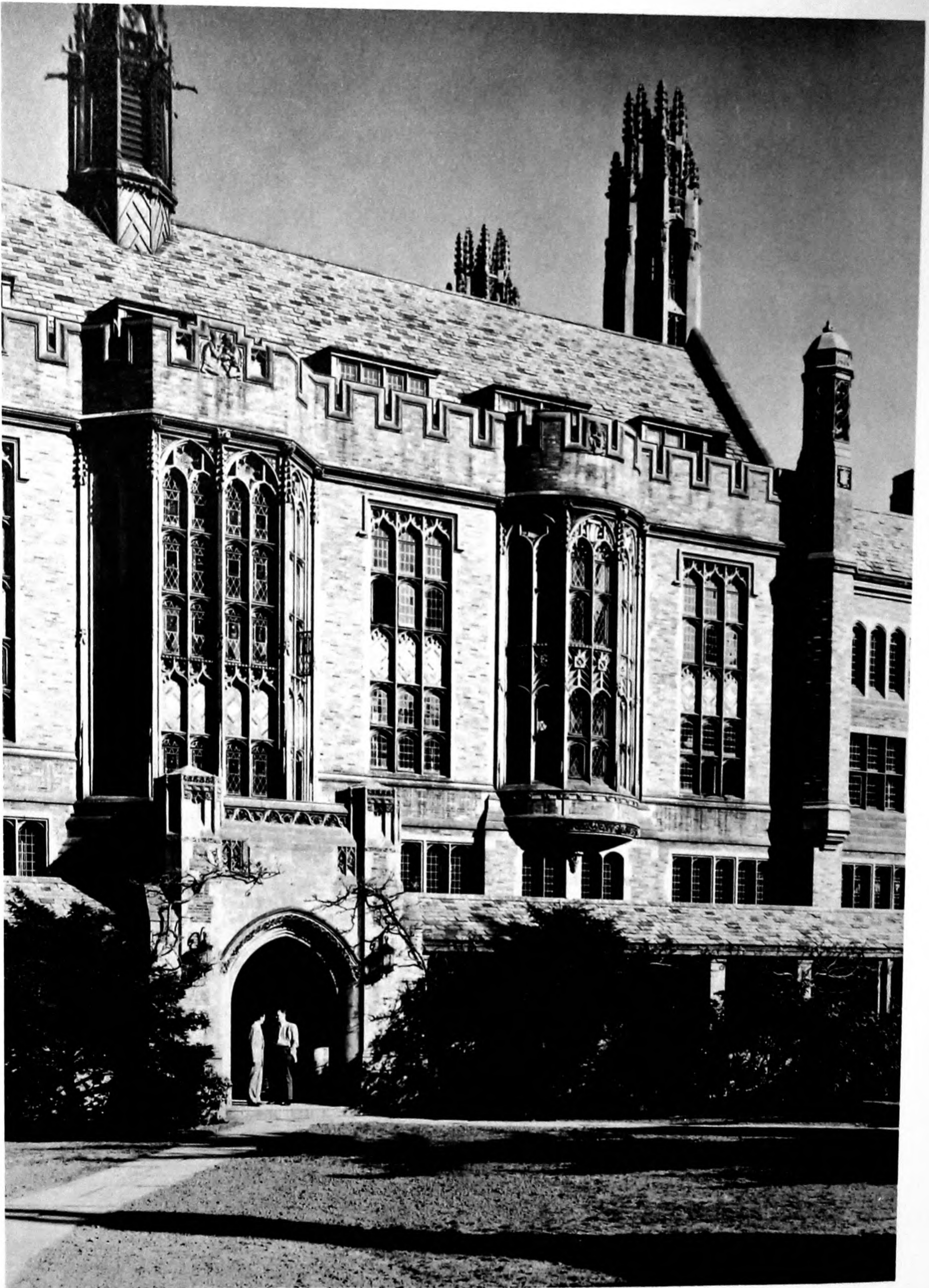
Marquand Chapel at the head of the Sterling Divinity Quadrangle.



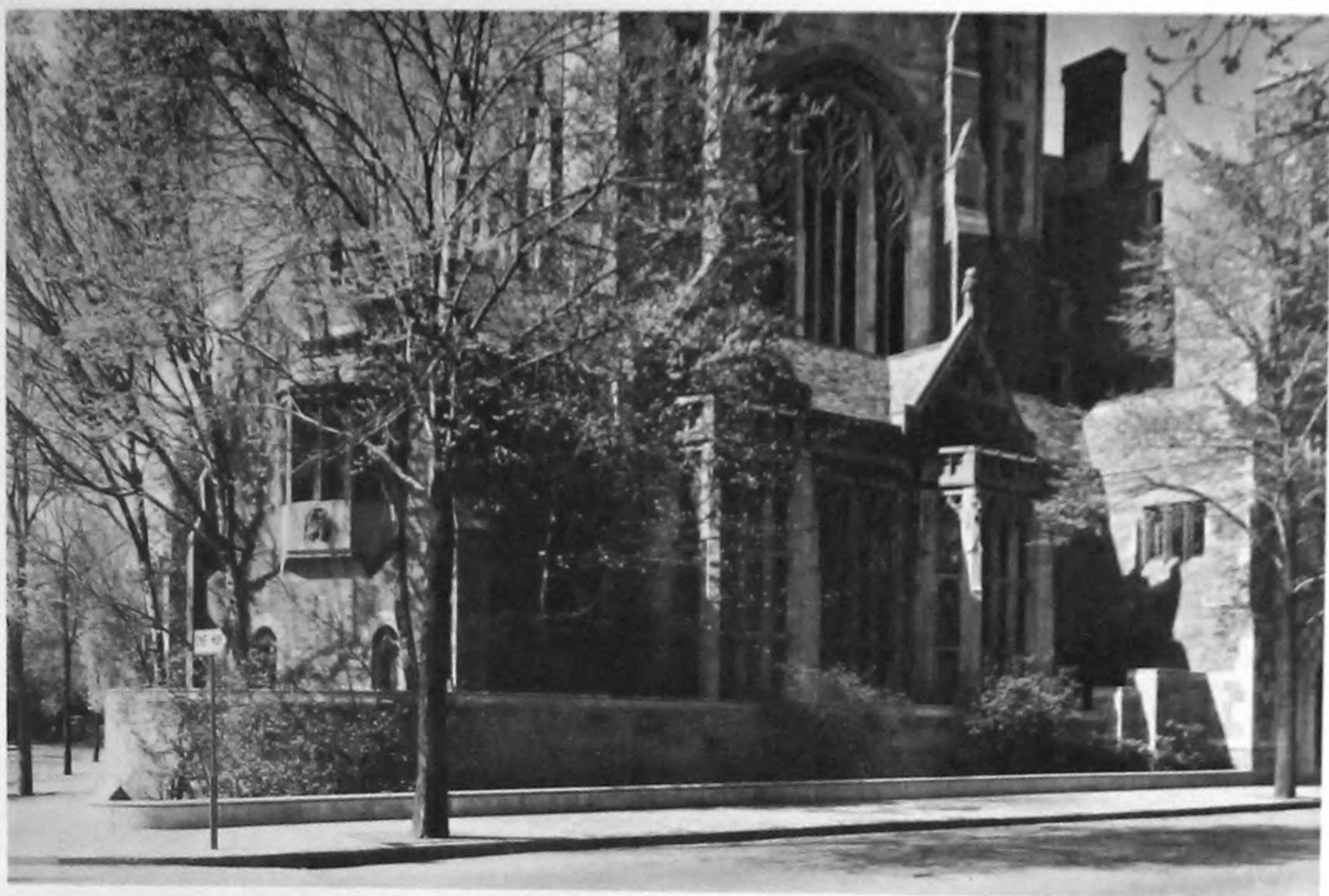
Southern buildings of the Quadrangle.



Marquand Chapel.



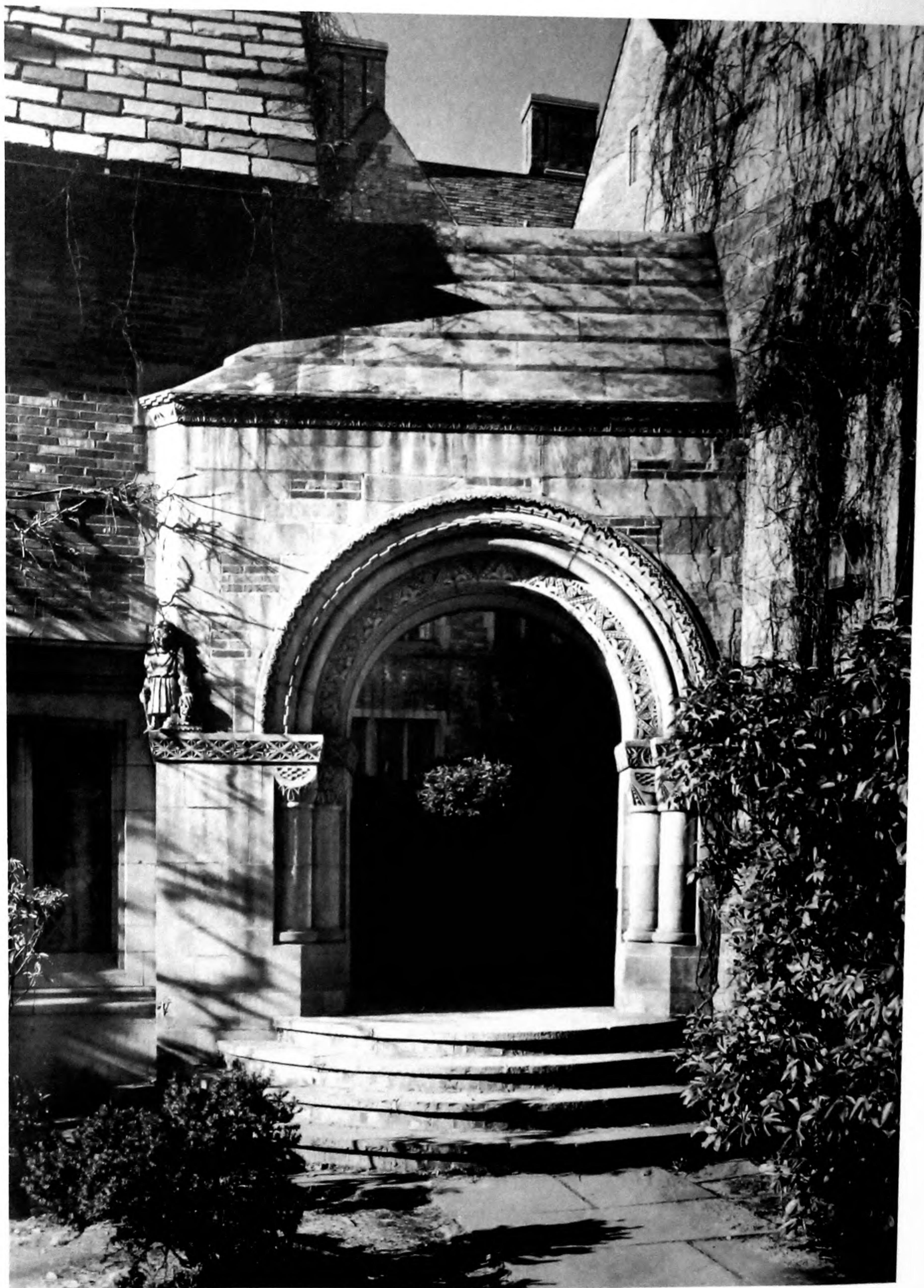
A court in the Sterling Law Buildings.



The Law Buildings at the corner of Grove and High Streets.



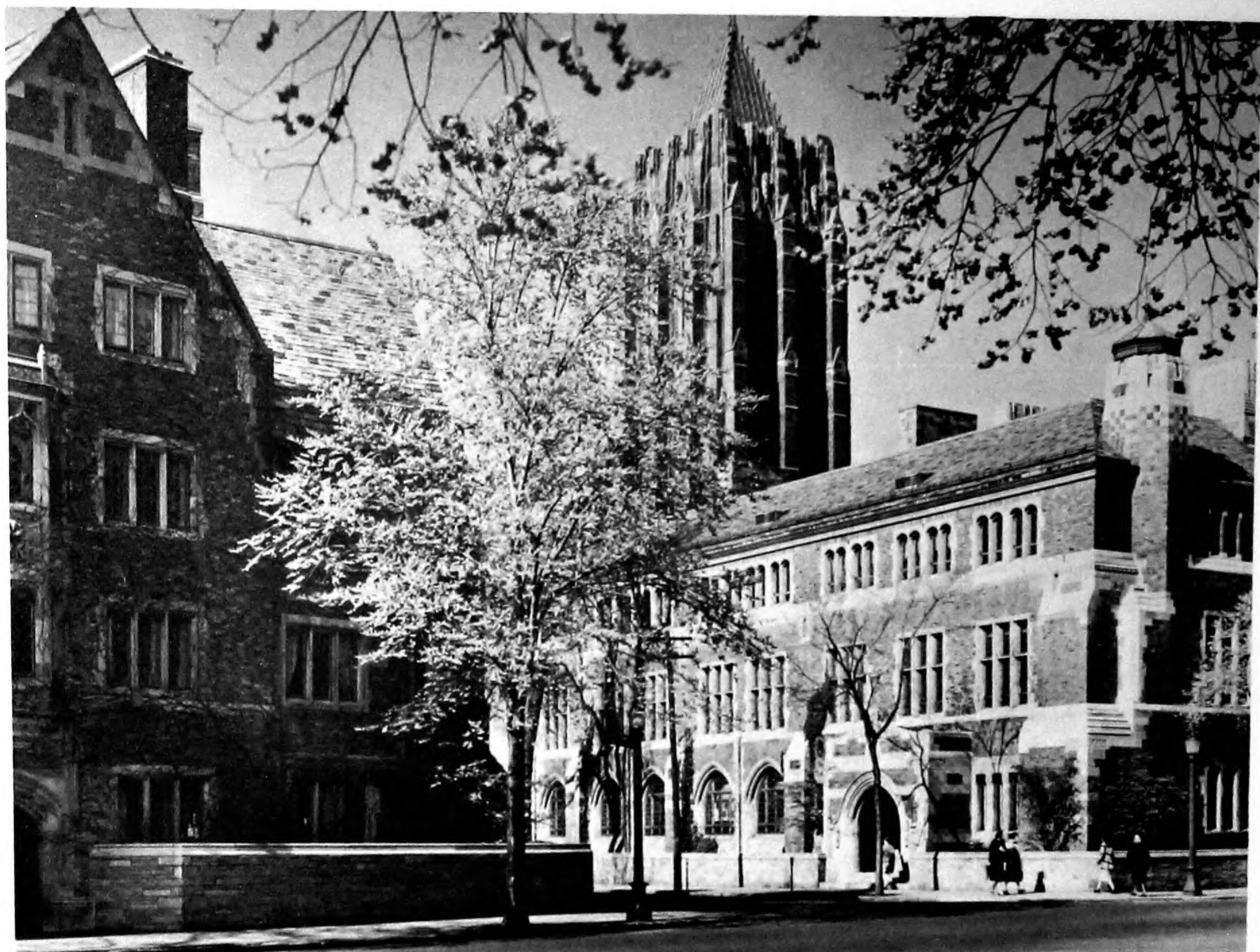
Law and its enemies carved above a window on Wall Street.



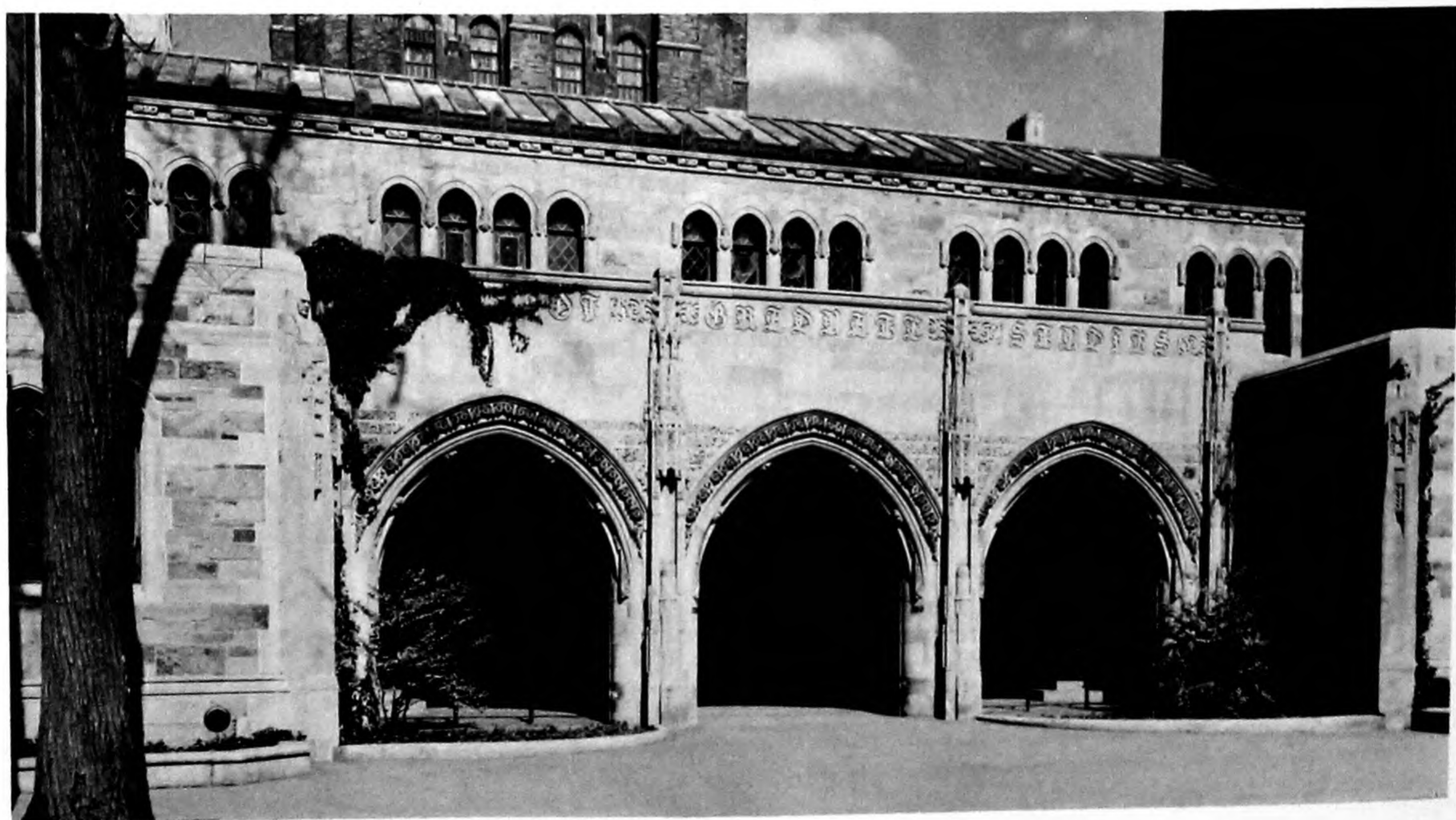
Romanesque archway in the Law Buildings.



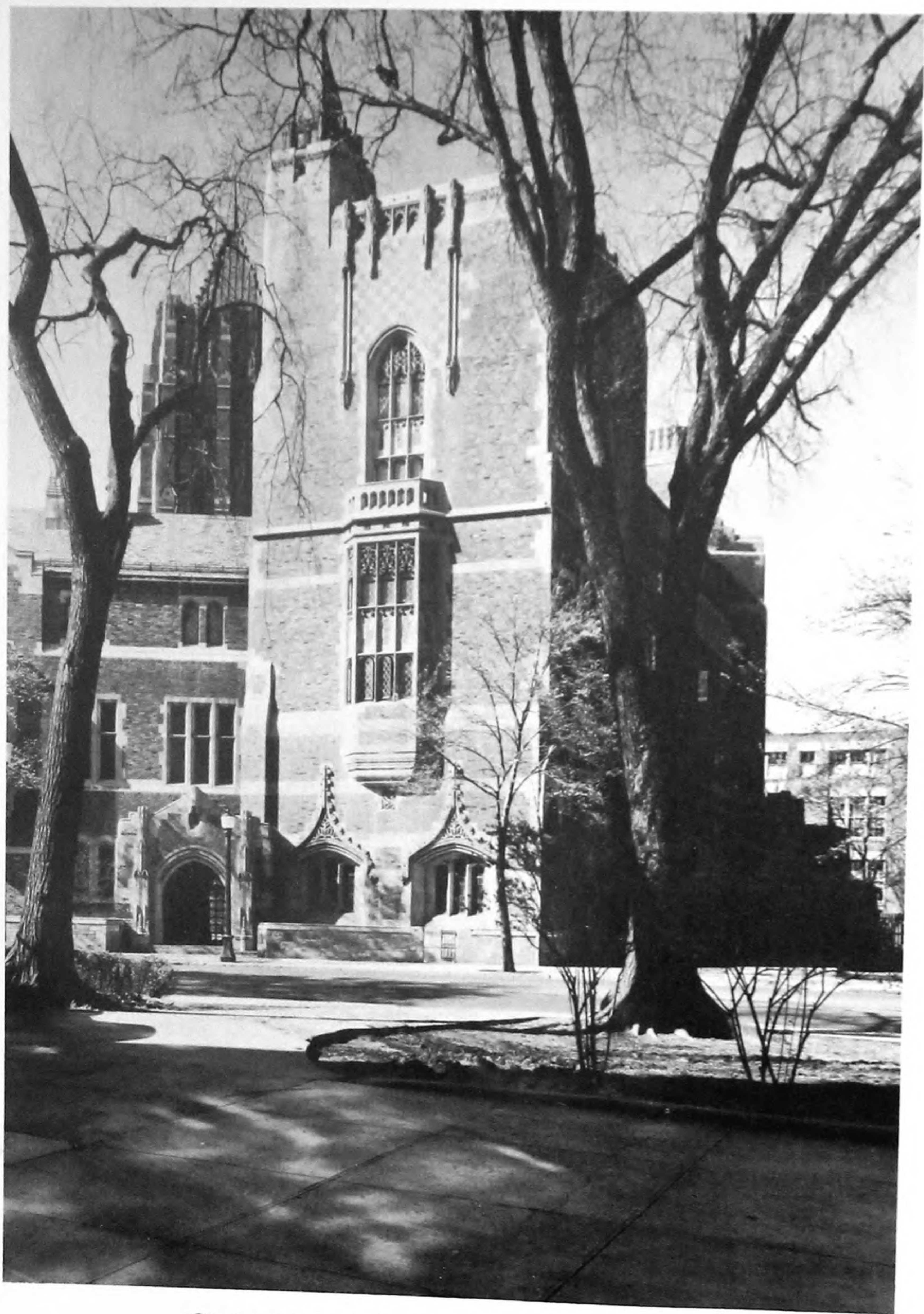
North court, Hall of Graduate Studies.



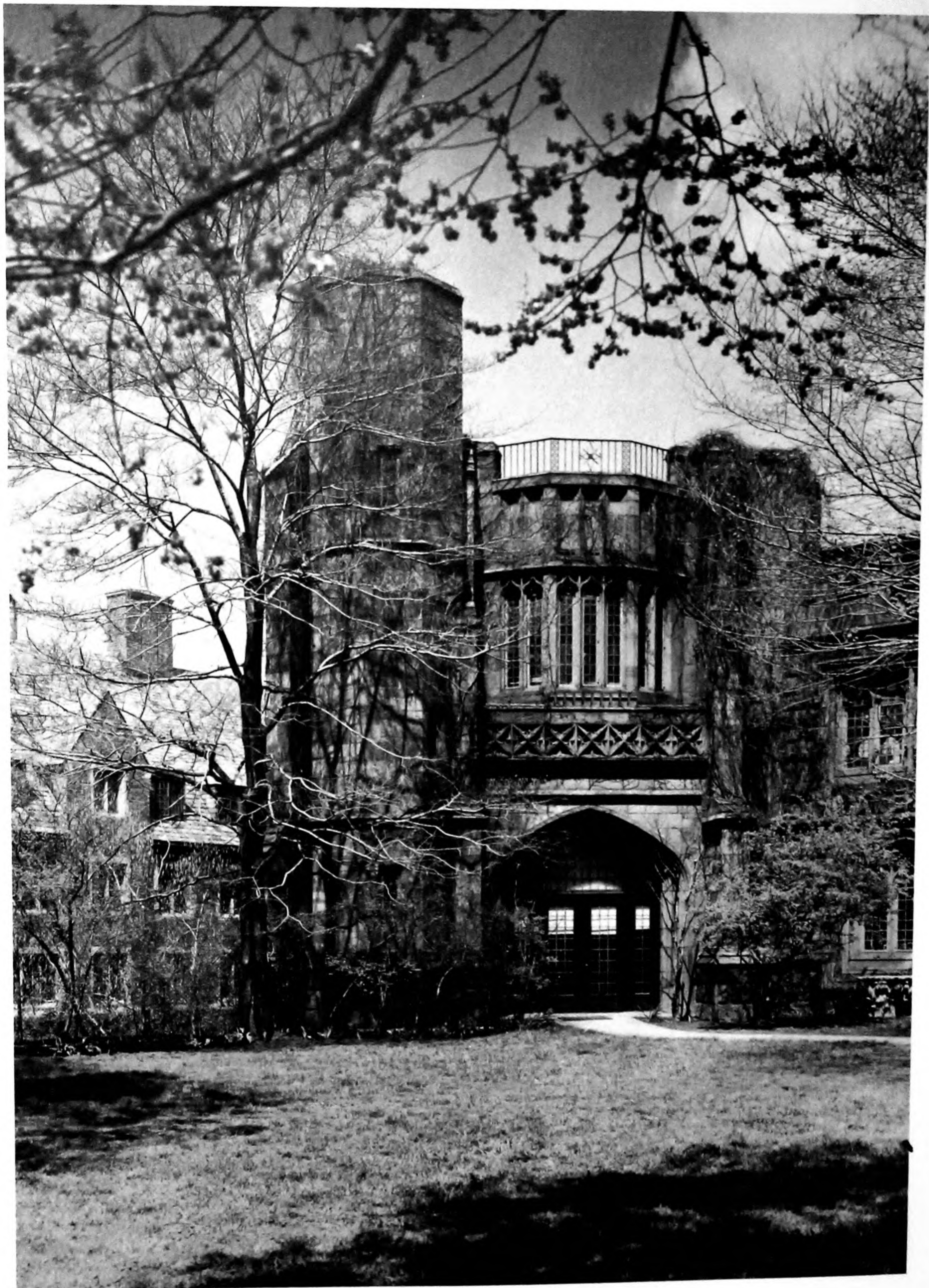
Tower and northern wing of the Graduate School.



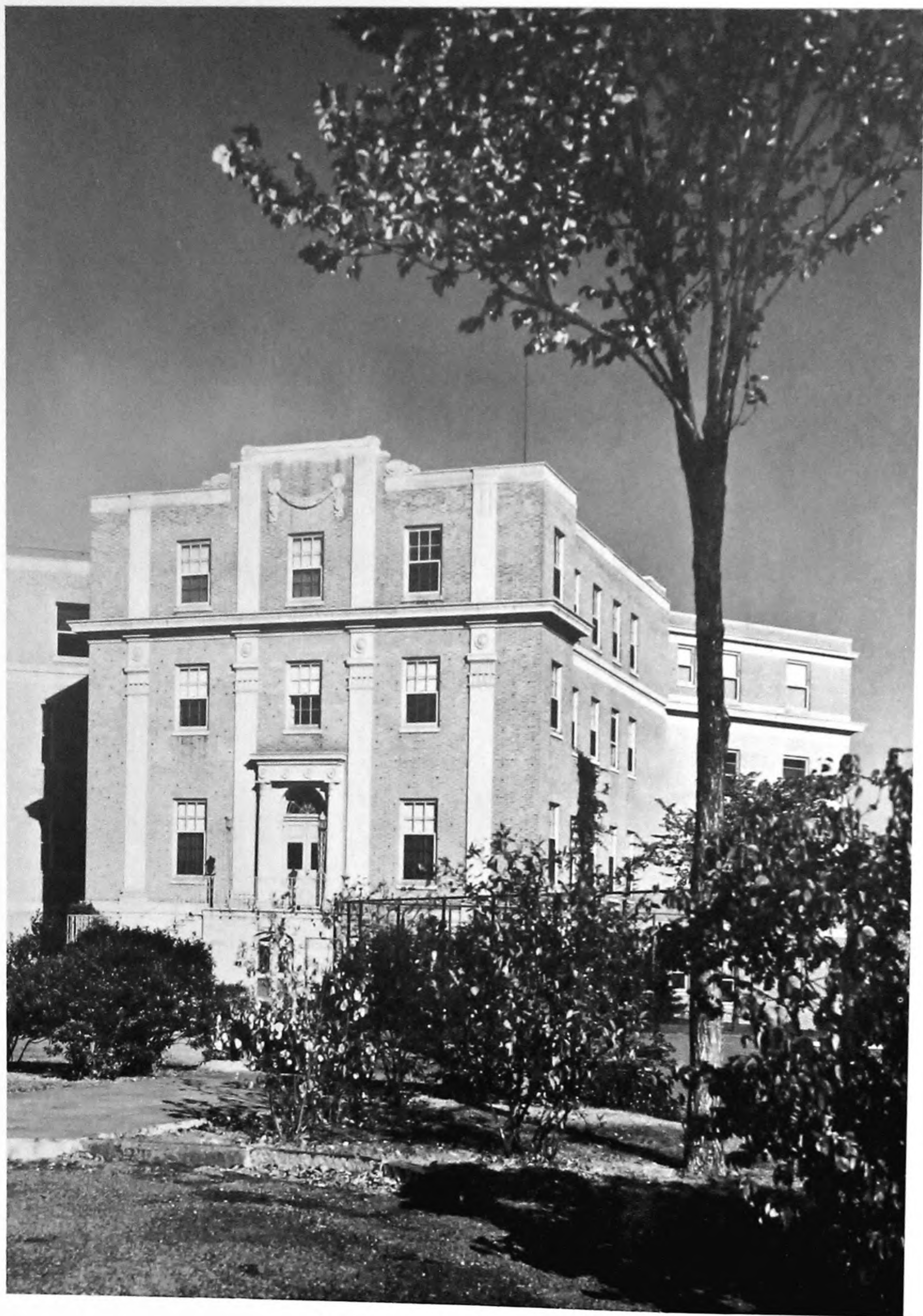
Entrance to the Graduate School, at the head of Wall Street.



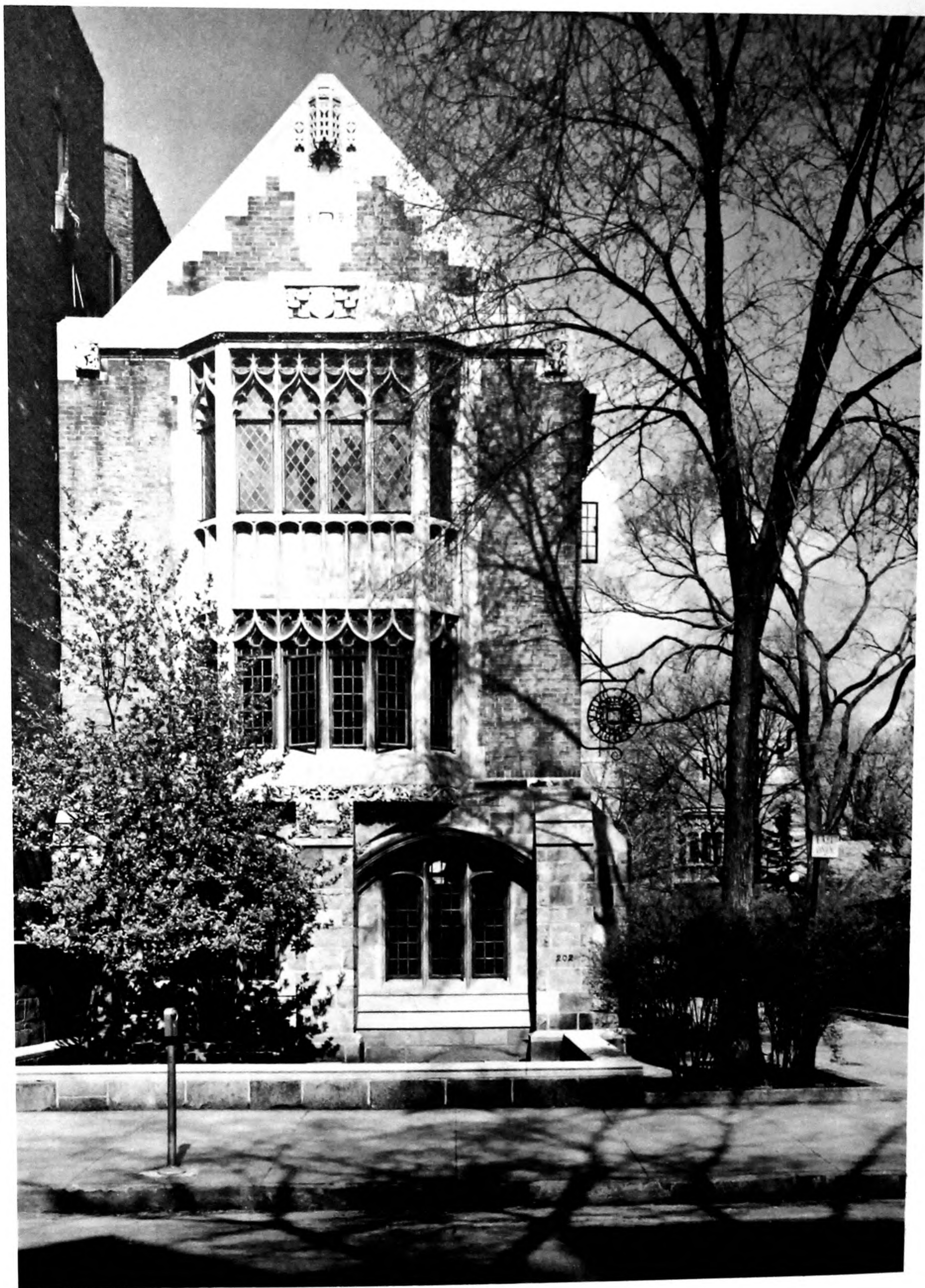
Graduate School dormitories from Tower Parkway.



Court of Weir Hall, Department of Architecture.



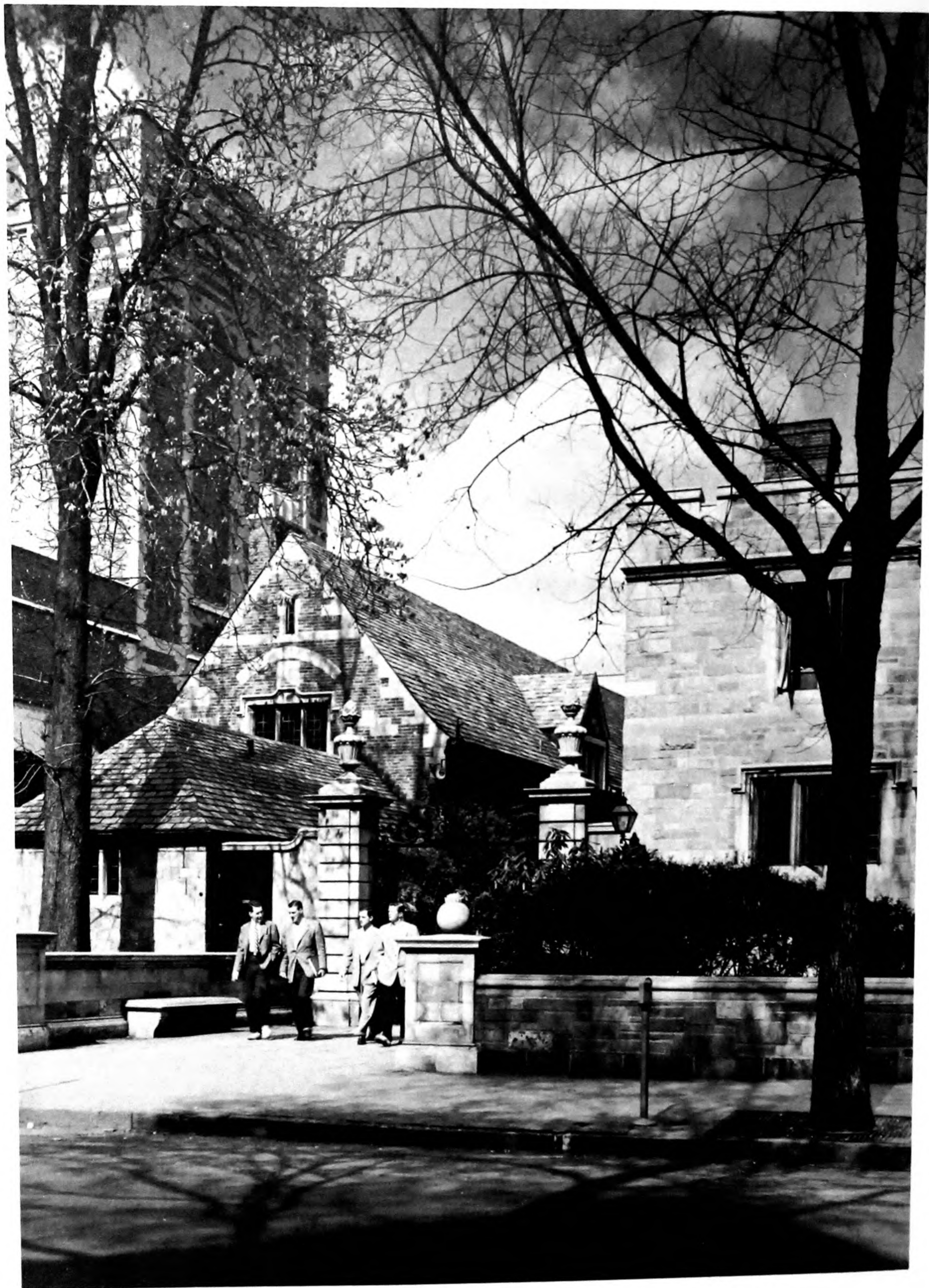
Sterling Hall of Medicine.



Briton Hadden Memorial, home of the *Yale Daily News*.



A corner of Fraternity Row: Beta Theta Pi and Zeta Psi.



Delta Kappa Epsilon, between the Theater and Davenport College.



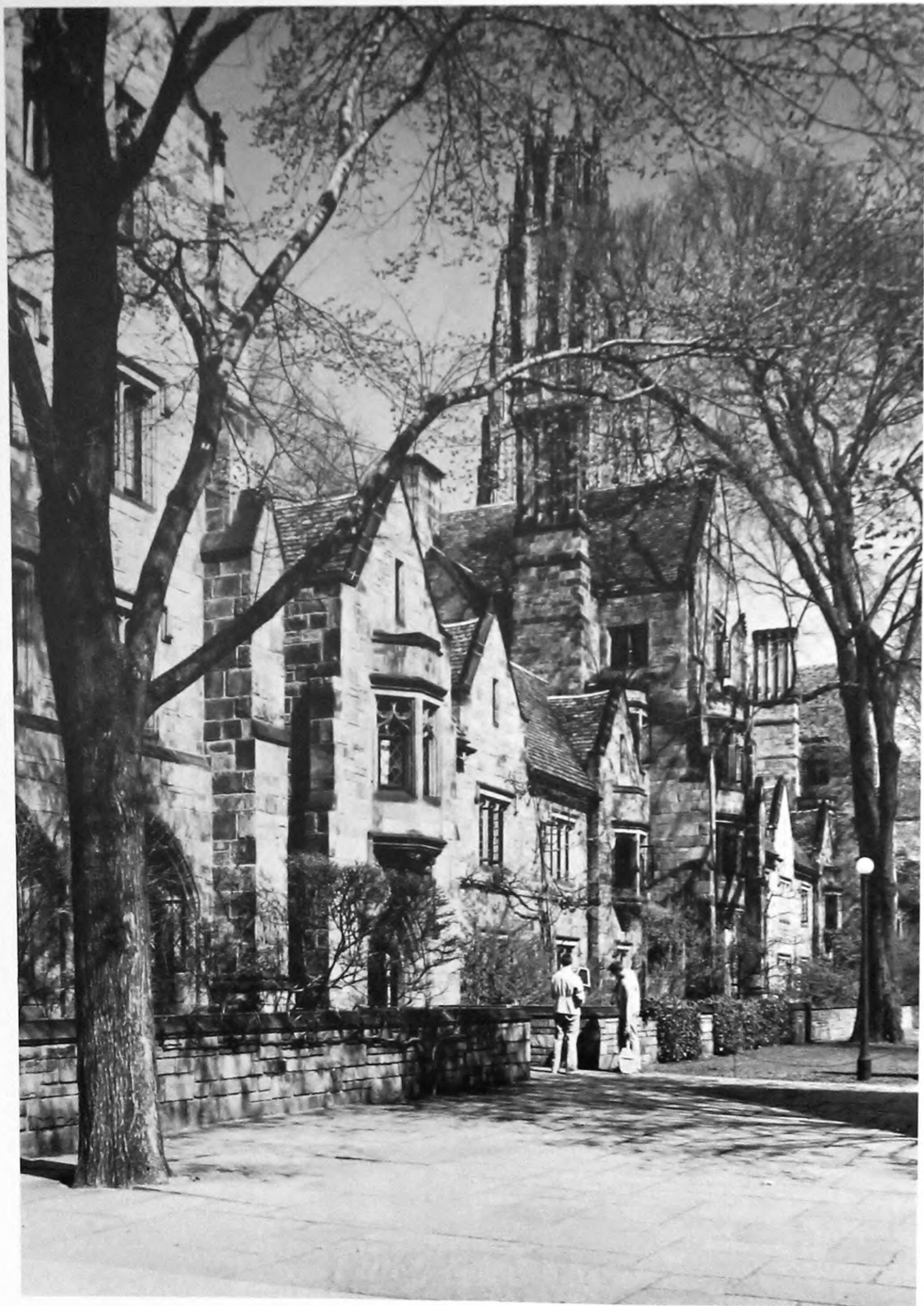
Mory's and the Co-op, York Street.



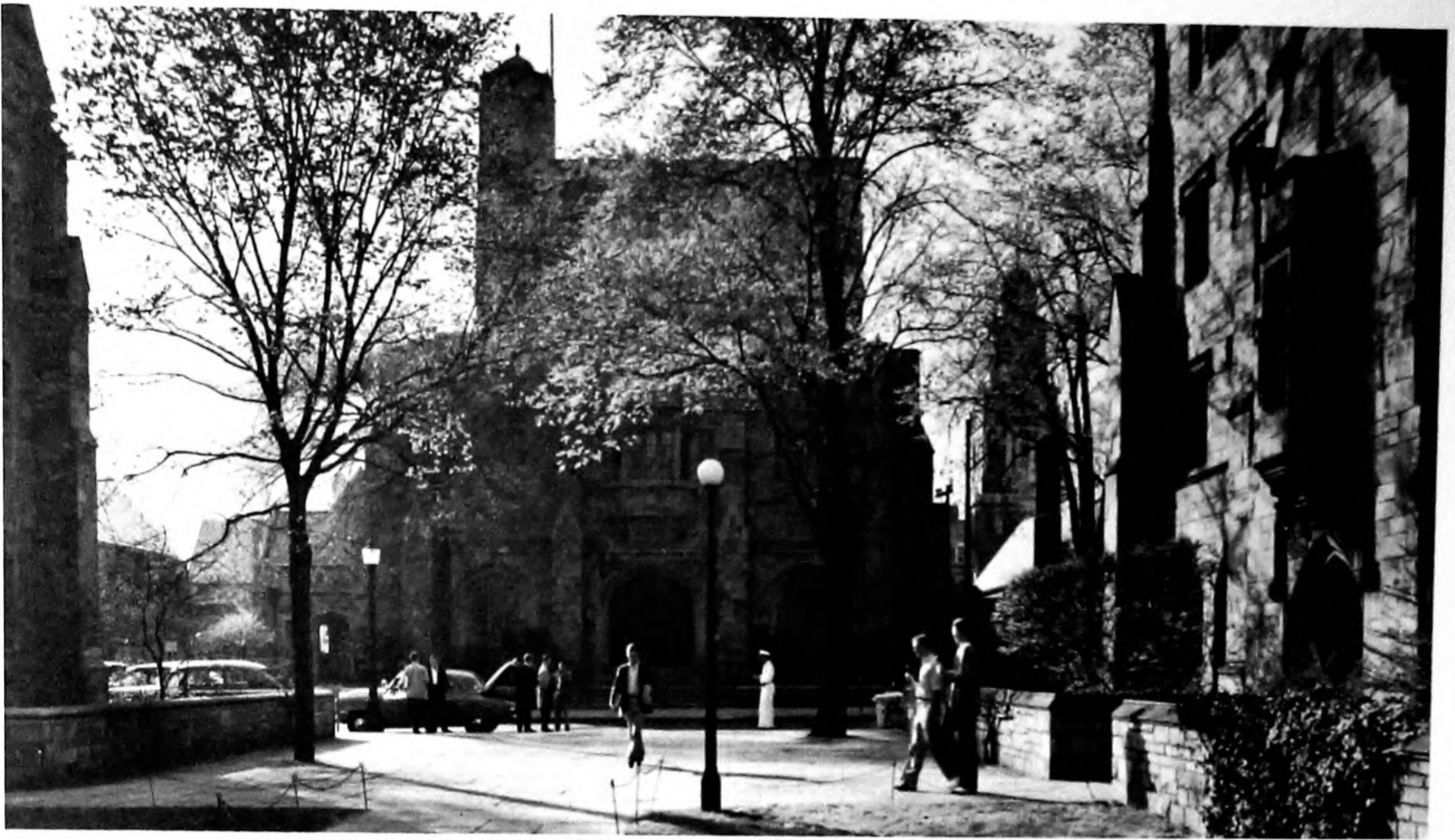
Ready for "Derby Day," when the crews race on the Housatonic.



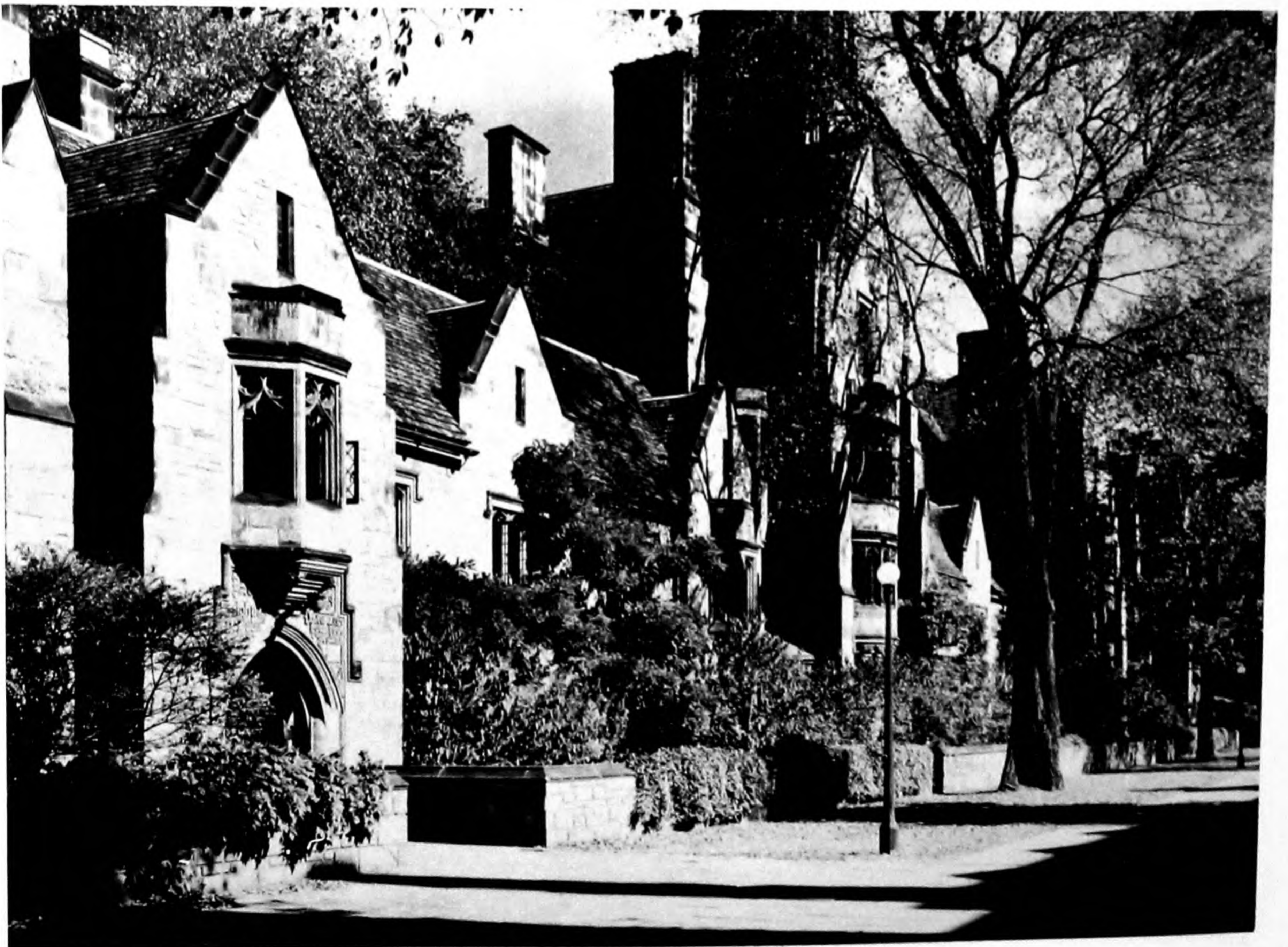
Wolf's Head, senior society.



Harkness Tower from old Library Street.



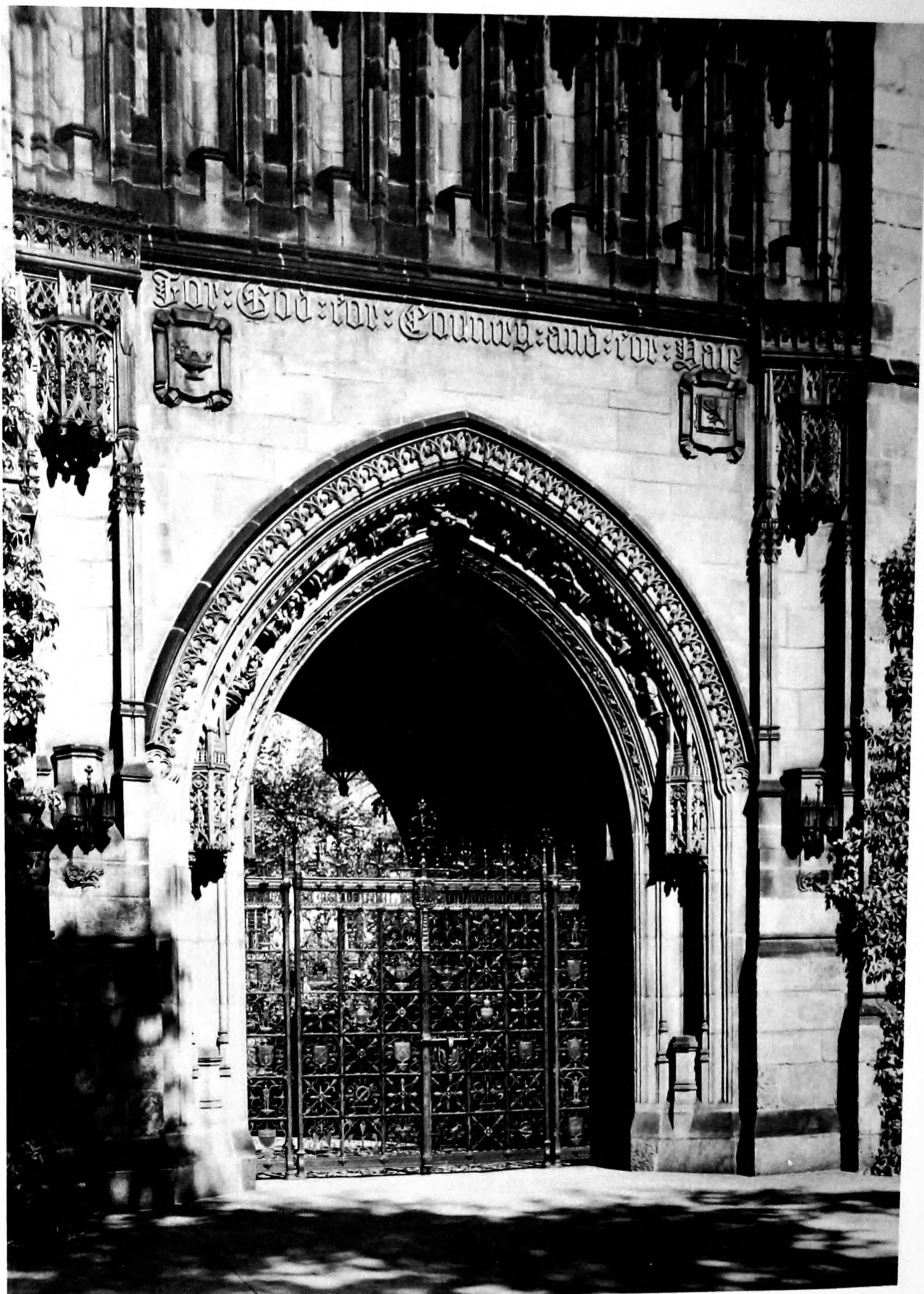
The University Theater, Department of Drama, on York Street.



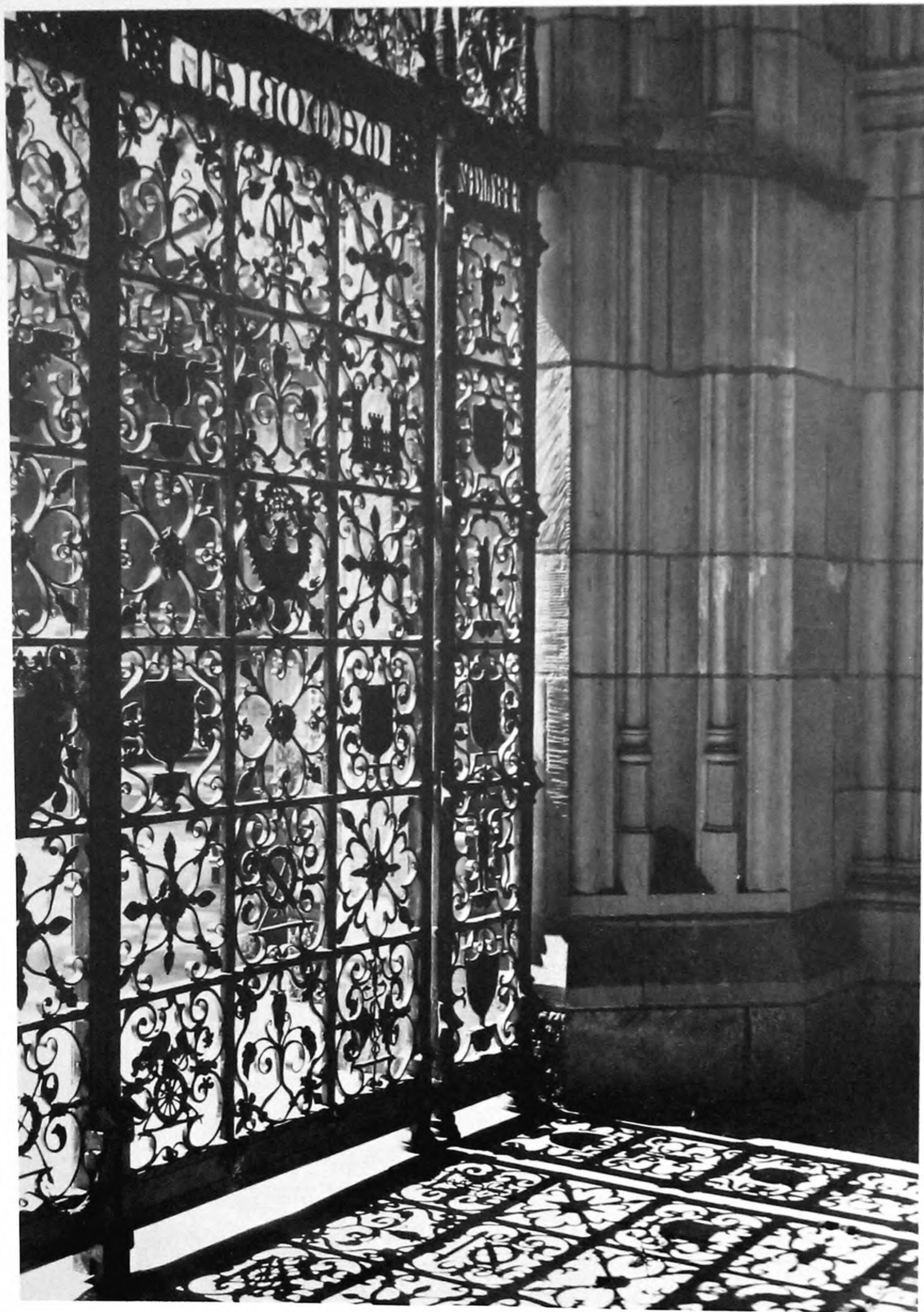
Dormitories of Branford College on old Library Street.



Flowering shrubs in the moat of Branford.



Memorial Gateway, beside the base of Harkness Tower.



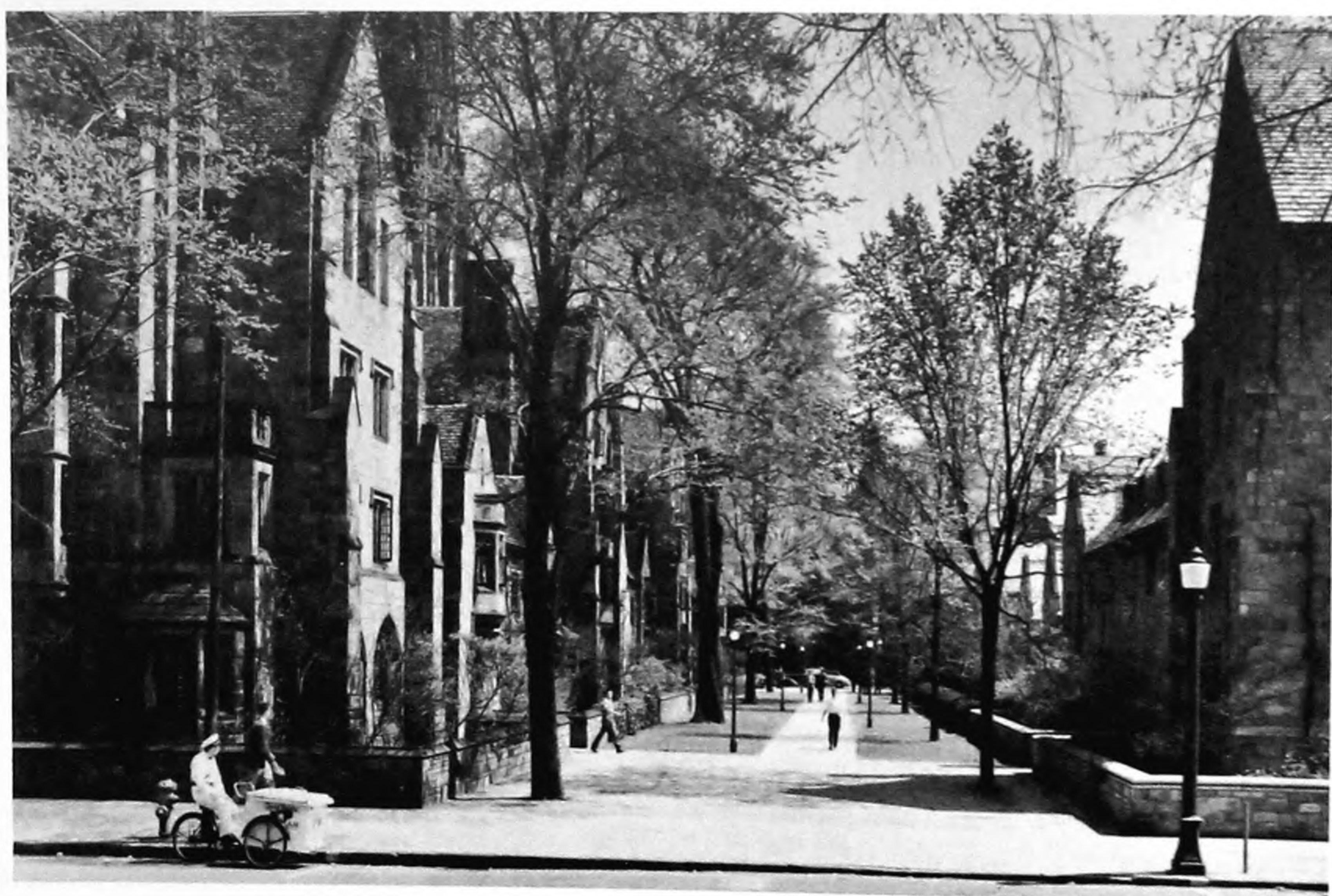
Ironwork of the gate.



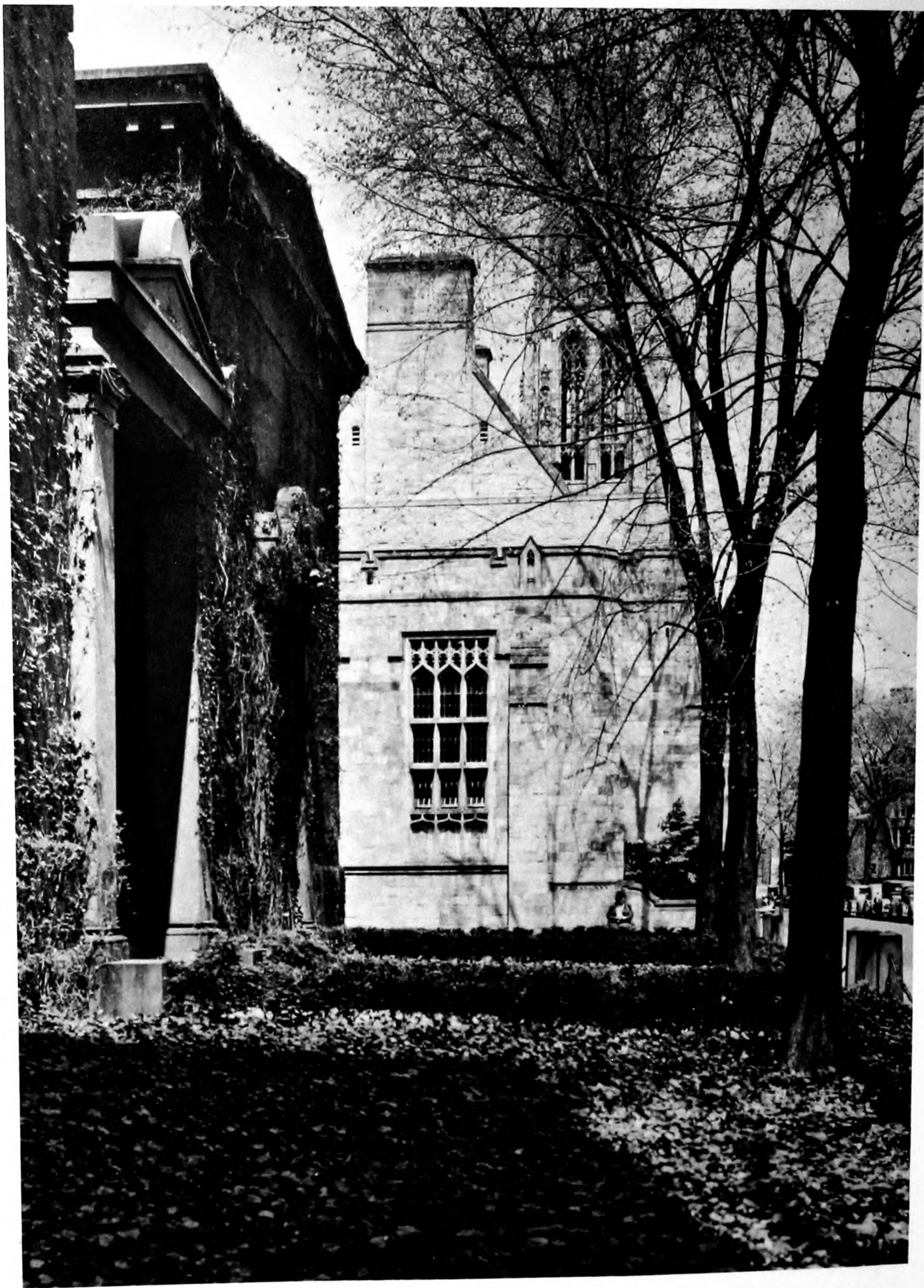
Along High Street beyond the Memorial Gateway.



Arch across High Street, joining the buildings of the Art School.



Branford and Jonathan Edwards on either side of old Library Street.



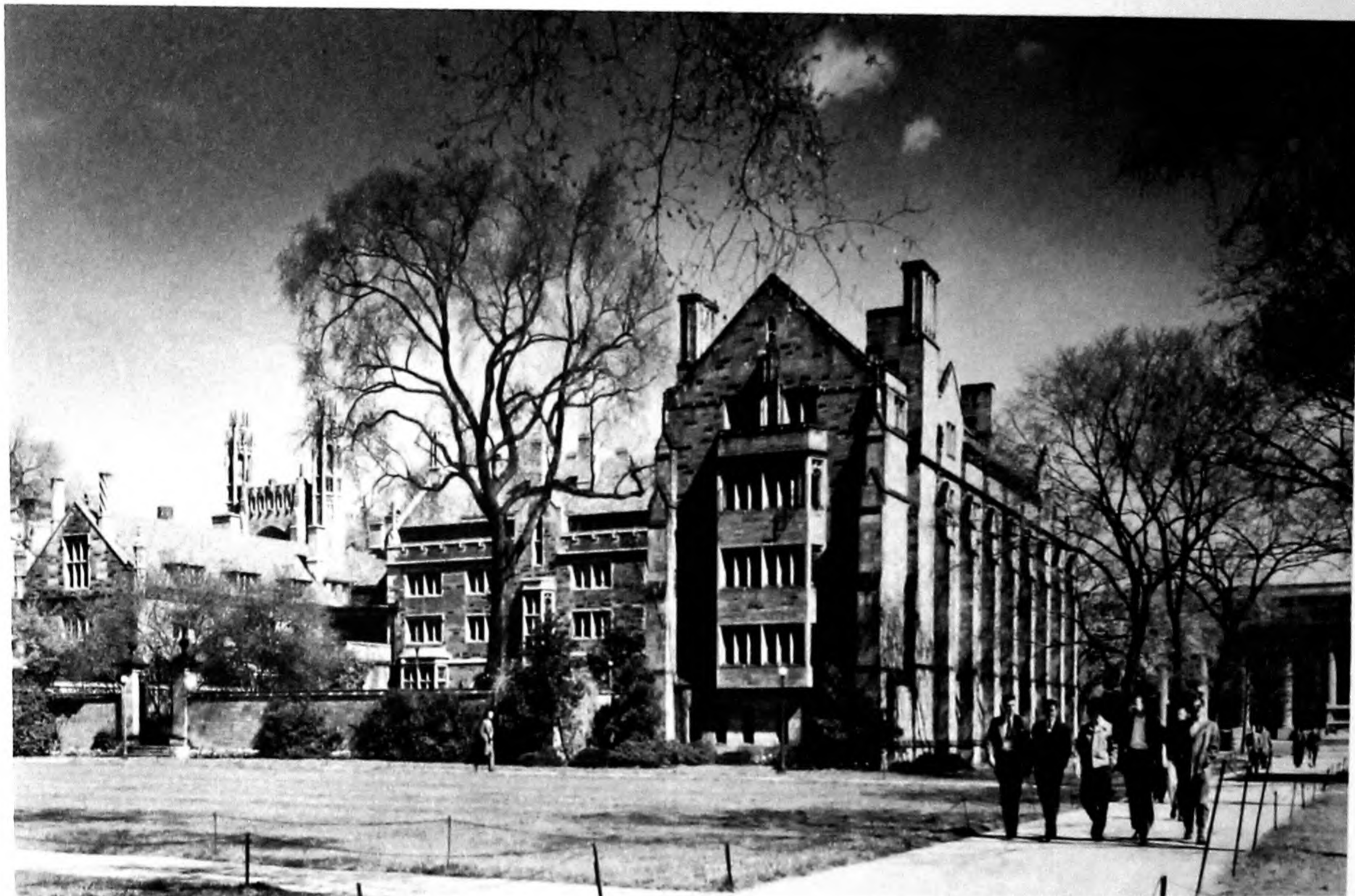
Skull and Bones, senior society; Jonathan Edwards Dining Hall, and Harkness Tower.



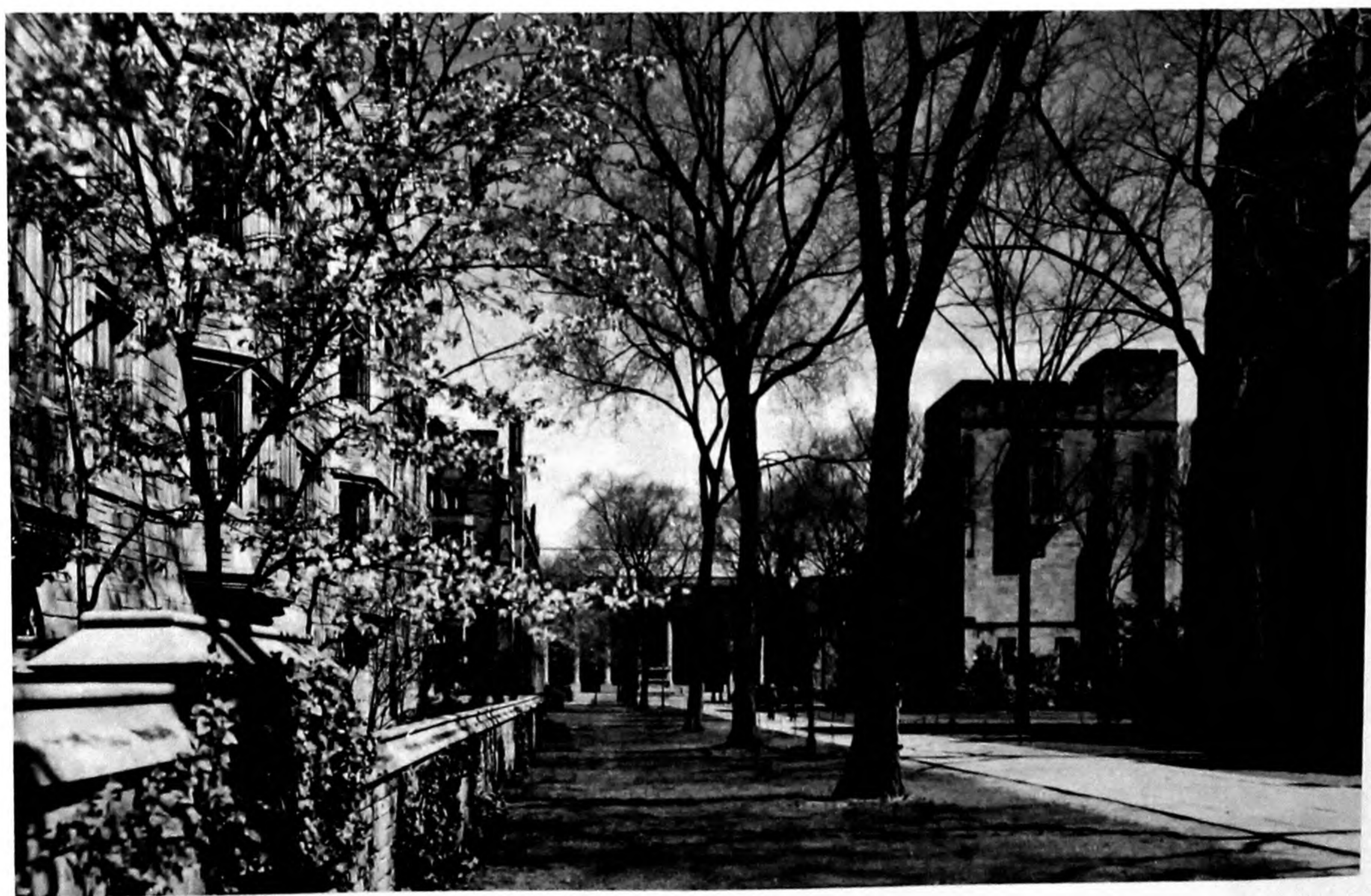
Noah Porter Gateway, entrance to Blount Avenue.



Durfee Hall, across Elm Street from the Porter Gateway.



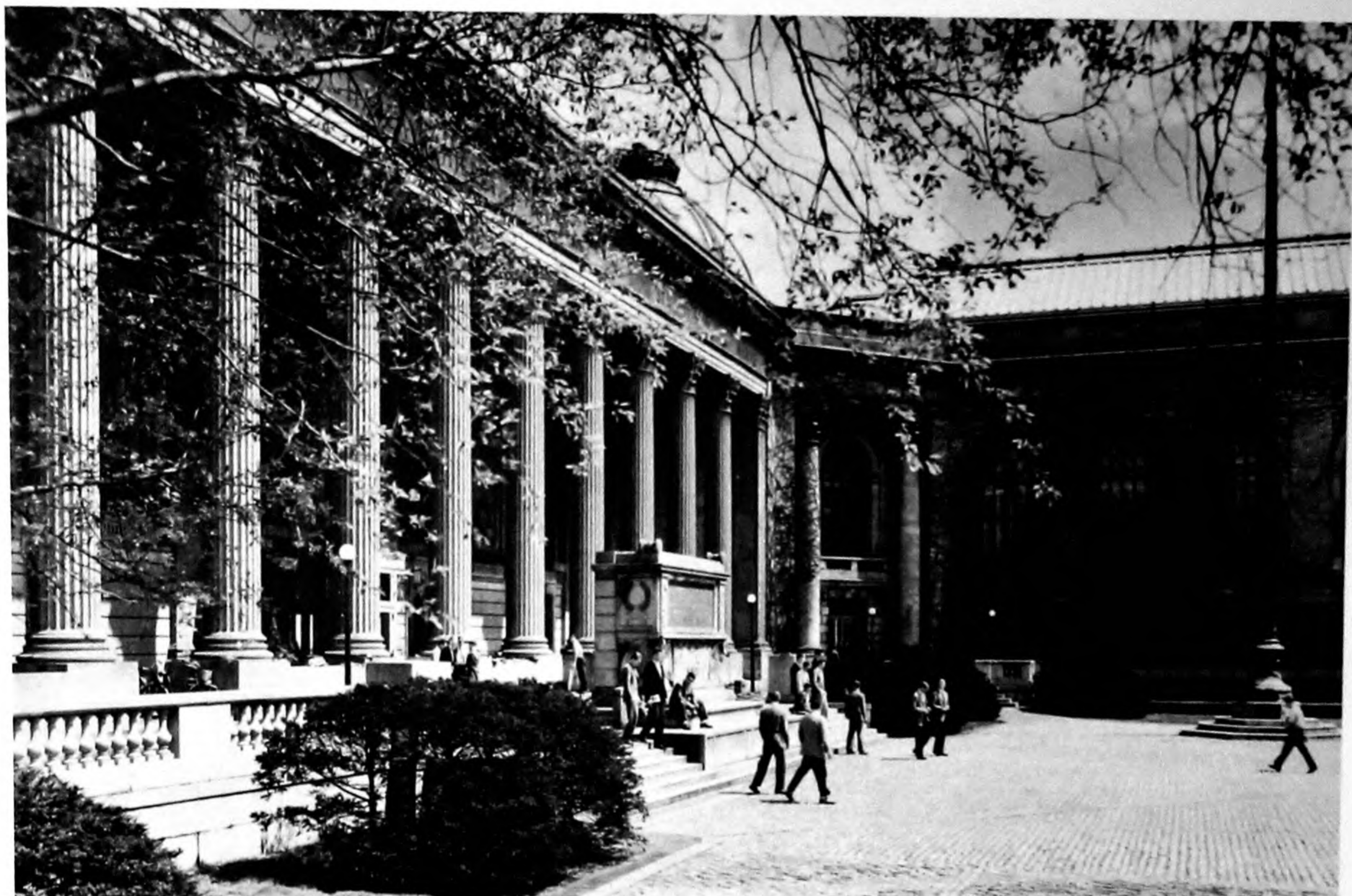
Passing Berkeley College on Blount Avenue.



Berkeley, University Hall, and W. L. Harkness Hall, Blount Avenue.



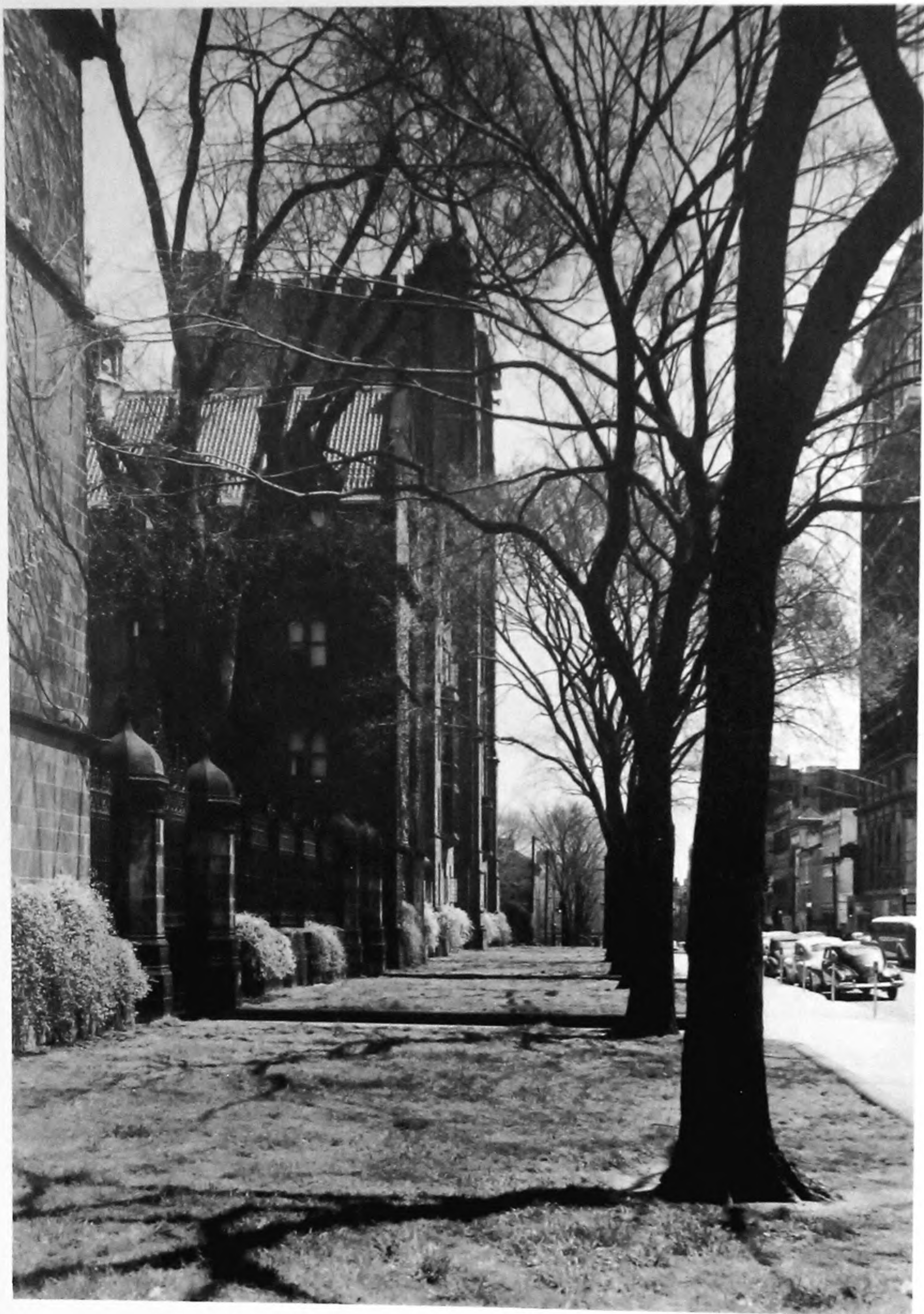
Woodbridge Hall, administrative offices of the University.



Hewitt Quadrangle and memorial to the dead of World War I.



Library, Sterling Law Buildings, from Hewitt Quadrangle.



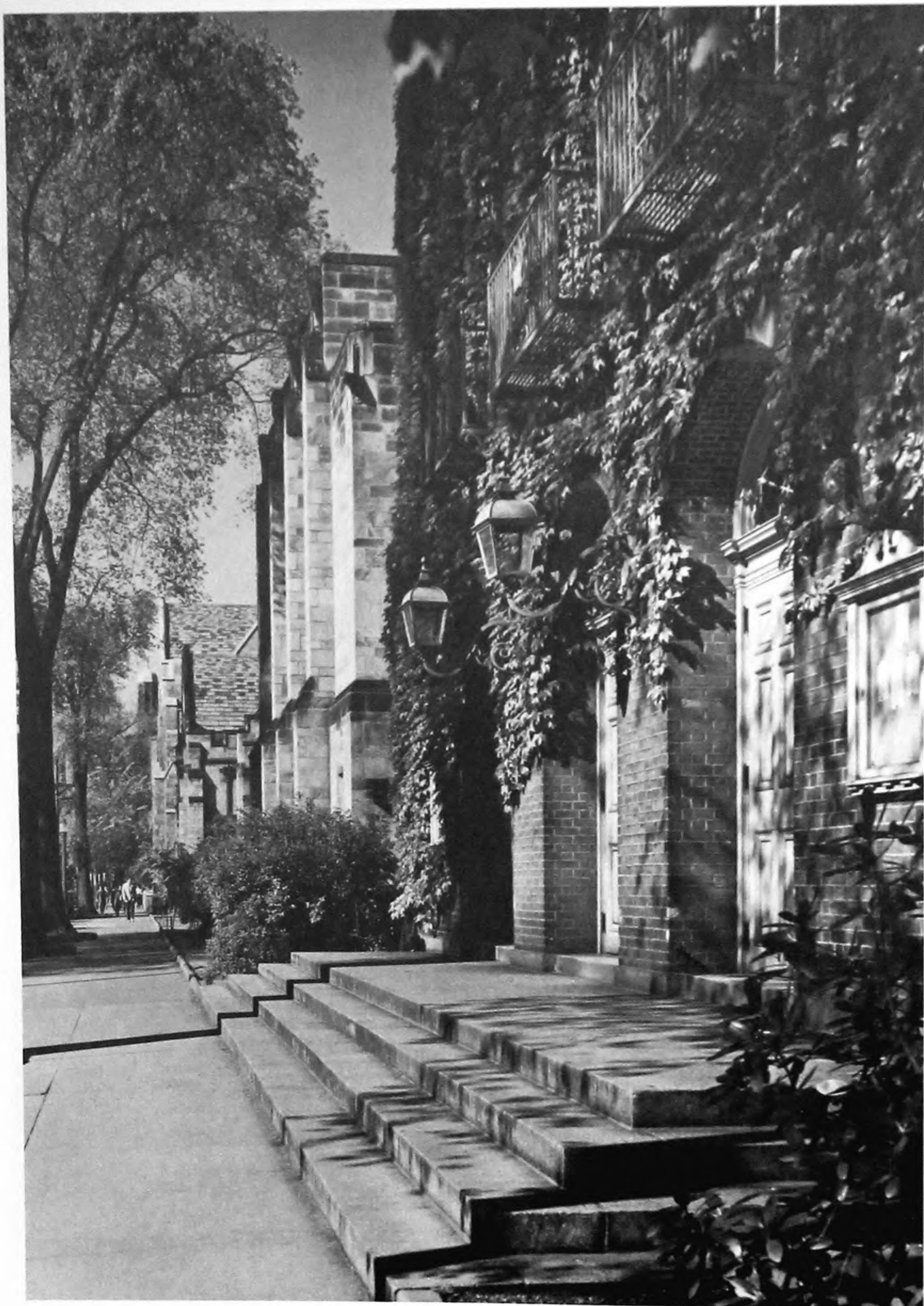
Vanderbilt, Bingham, and the Hotel Taft on Chapel Street.



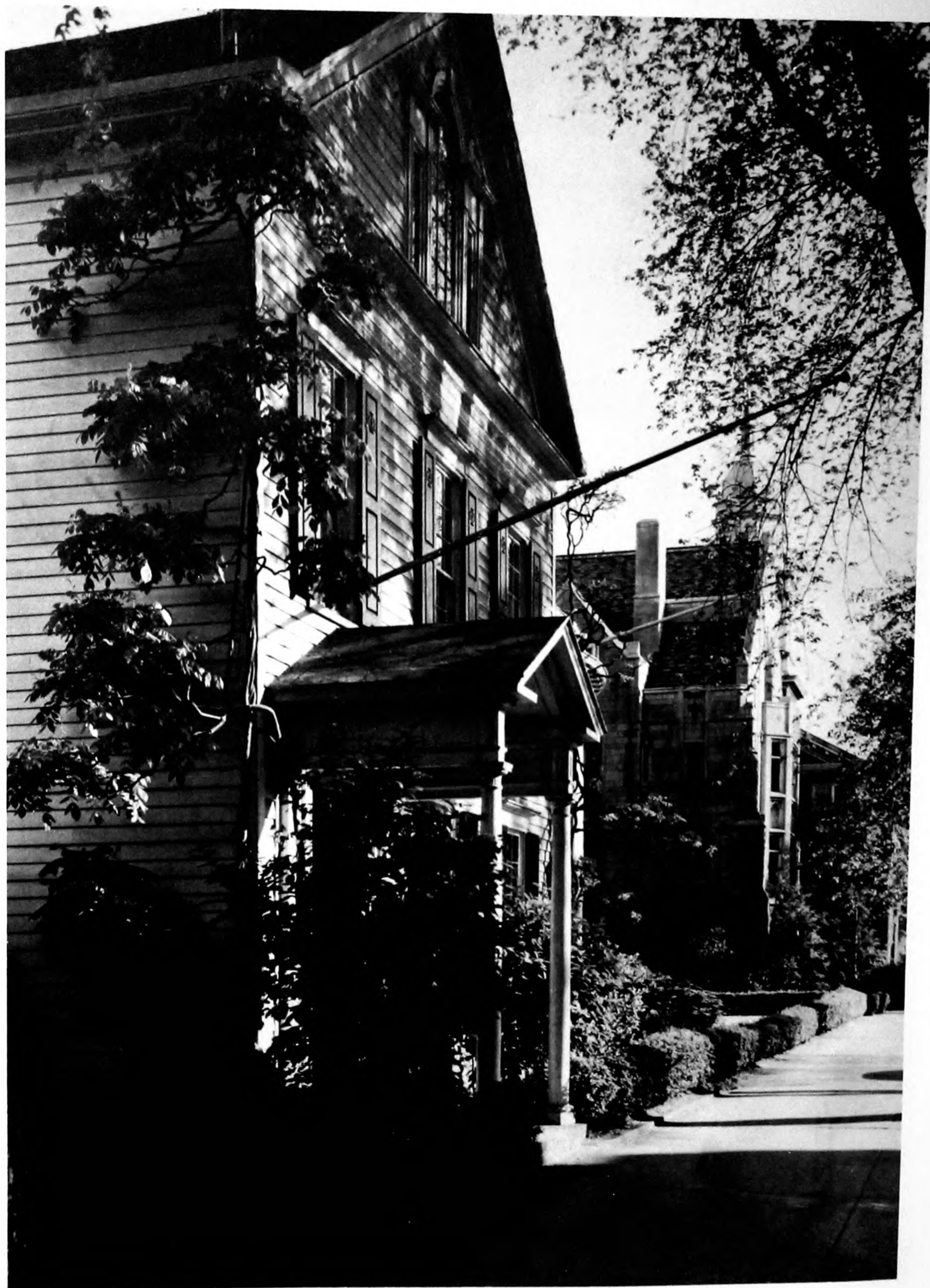
Yale University Press, with the Faculty and Graduate Clubs beyond.



Students emerging on Elm Street from Yale Station in Wright Hall.



Sprague Memorial Hall, headquarters of the School of Music.



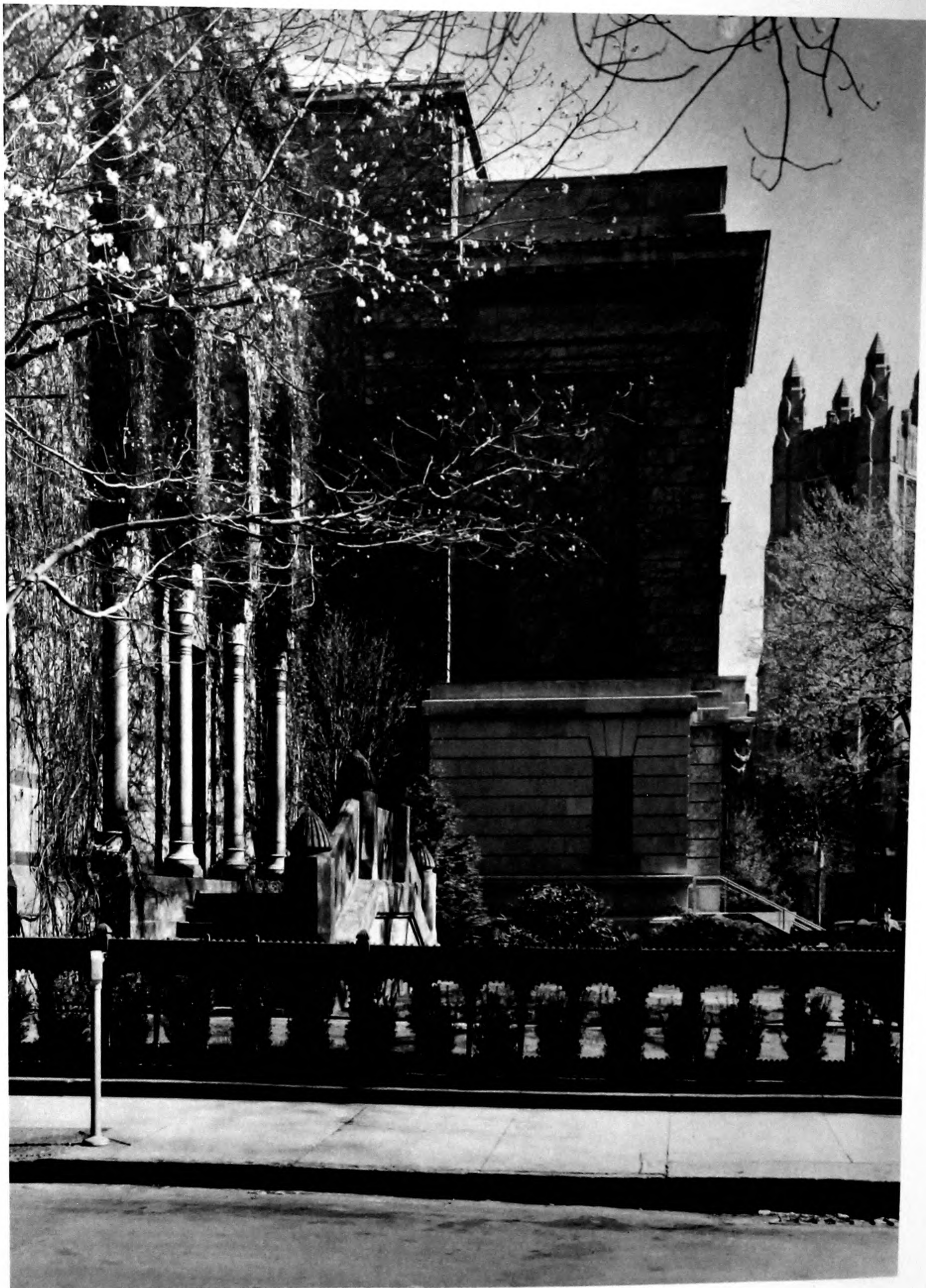
The Elizabethan Club, College Street.



Book and Snake, senior society.



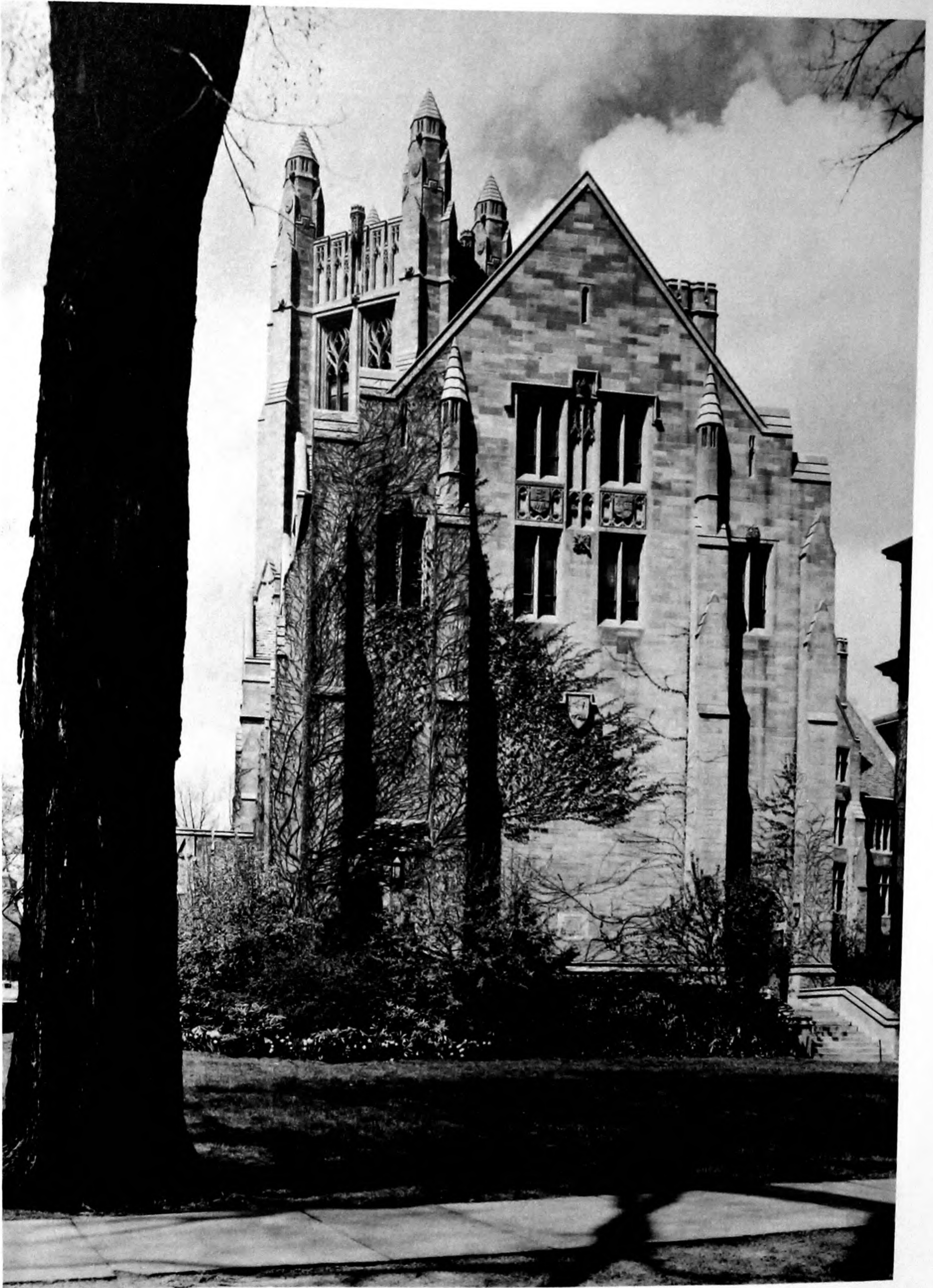
Elizabethan Club, Alumni Hall, and the Department of Health.



Scroll and Key, senior society, with Woolsey Hall beyond.



Sterling Tower, at the head of College Street, and St. Anthony Hall.



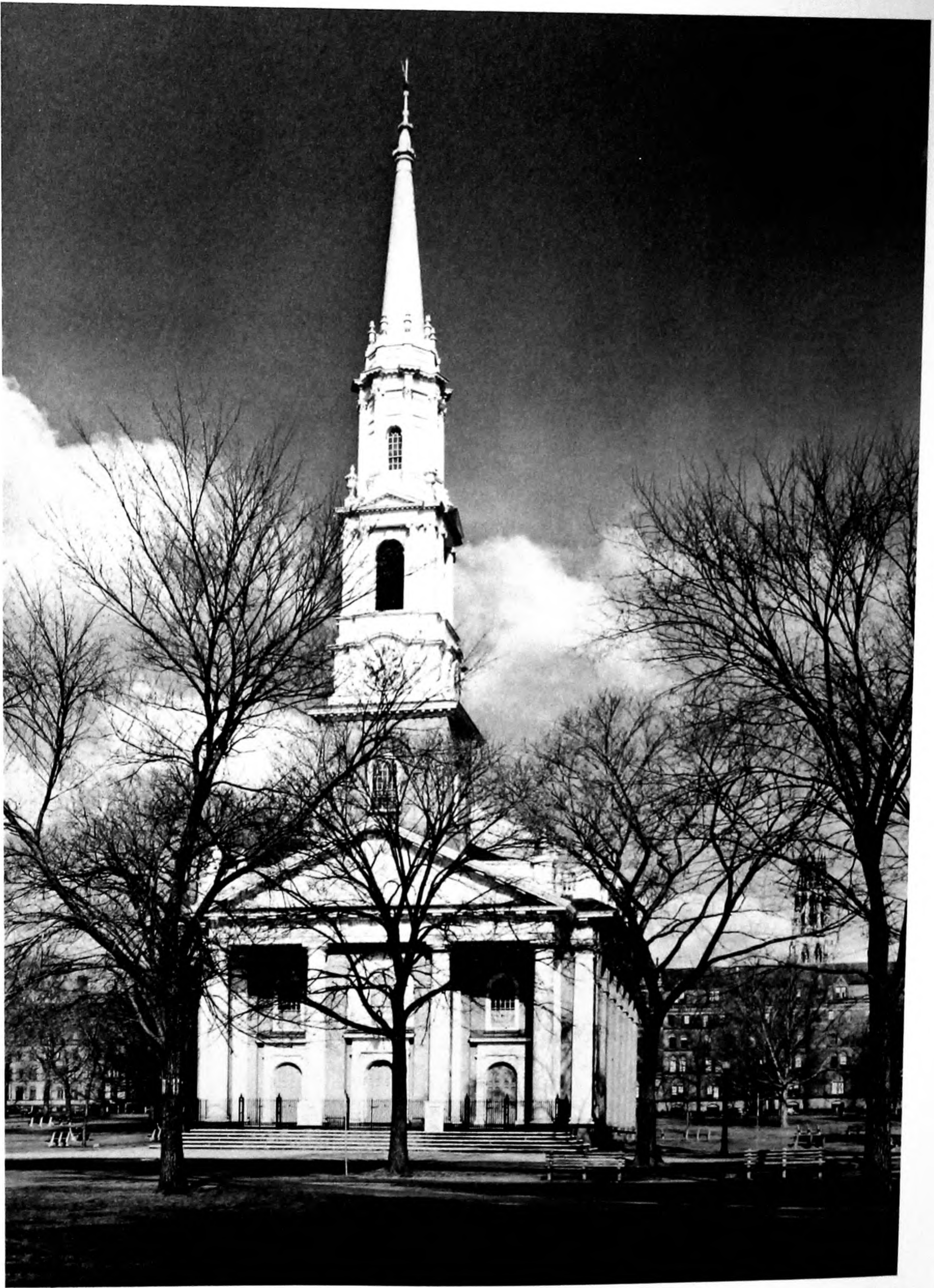
Sterling Tower and Strathcona Hall.



Hillhouse Avenue above Trumbull Street.



Science buildings on Hillhouse Avenue near Grove Street.



Center Church on the Green, where Yale commencements were held for many years.

